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EVENTS OF THE WEEK

THE Prayer Book measure was defeated last week in the House of Commons by 266 votes to 220, a majority of 46, as against 240 to 207, majority 33, in December. The division lists, reveal a fair sprinkling of changed votes in either direction and a considerable change in the personnel of the absentees. The similarity of the final vote must be regarded, in our view, as the resultant of two opposing influences; on the one hand, the more persuasive oratory of the

spokesmen for the measure, on the other, the tendency for an opposition, rallying to so telling a slogan as "No Popery," and conscious of widespread popular backing, to strengthen and stiffen, despite all attempts to meet its ostensible objections. If Sir Boyd Merriman had been put up in place of Mr. Bridgeman last December, if Lord Hugh Cecil had been then as eloquent as he was last week, it is possible that the measure would have been carried on the first occasion. But, however casual the verdict, we never believed that there was any real possibility of reversing it upon appeal. The situation which results is awkward. The next move lies with the Bishops, and it will be very interesting to see what that move will be, and, in particular, whether it will carry out the hint which they gave after the previous defeat that they would know, if need be, how to assert "the inherent spiritual authority" of the Church. It does not seem likely that Disestablishment will come immediately into the foreground as a serious issue; but it may be expected that a good deal of play will be made at the next General Election with Romish practices in the Church of England.

* * *

Mr. Maxton, Chairman of the Independent Labour Party, and Mr. A. J. Cook, Secretary of the Miners' Federation, have issued a joint manifesto expressing anxiety as to the direction in which the British Labour movement is being led, and announcing a series of conferences at which the rank and file "will be given the opportunity to state whether they accept the new outlook, or whether they wish to remain true to the spirit and the ideals which animated the early pioneers." This may be the prelude to an important split in the Labour Party. Mr. Maxton and Mr. Cook speak only for themselves at the moment, but the former is one of the ablest and most energetic Labour Members of Parliament, and the latter retains a considerable following among the rank and file trade unionists. Their manifesto appears to be directed primarily against the trade union participation in the Mond Conference, for it declares that its authors "can no longer stand by and see thirty years of devoted work destroyed in making peace with Capitalism and compromises with the political philosophy of our capitalist opponents." It is evident, however, that a definite challenge to the whole Labour programme is intended, and that war has been declared against Mr. MacDonald and the other orthodox leaders.

* * *

On Tuesday, Mr. Speaker Whitley took leave of the House over which he has presided for seven years. The qualities which Mr. Baldwin finds in all Speakers—"dignity, urbanity, impartiality, courage, firmness, with liability to sudden seizures of deafness or blindness, speedily recovered from"—have been fully present in Mr. Whitley during his tenancy of the Chair, and

he will live in history as the Speaker who killed the Clydesiders with kindness. A touch of pathos was given to the formal leave-taking by Mr. Saklatvala's unsolicited and obviously sincere tribute. The isolated figure of alien race and unpopular views is in the best position to know whether adequate protection is afforded by the Chair, and Mr. Whitley might well feel more pride in Mr. Saklatvala's recognition of his "perfect and impartial protection" than in the more conventional, if no less cordial, compliments of the Party Leaders. The new Speaker, Captain FitzRoy, has had the advantage of experience in presiding over the House as Deputy Chairman of Ways and Means. He is also well known as a breeder of Shorthorns.

The Home Secretary's White Paper on "Russian Banks and Communist Funds" is not a very exciting document. On an Irish gunman, arrested before Easter for being in possession of firearms, were found two £10 Bank of England notes which had passed through the Bank for Russian Trade, Ltd. As a result of this discovery, the Home Secretary was asked by a Member of Parliament to make inquiries as to whether any of the money standing to the credit of Russian trading organizations in this country was being used in attempts to ferment and organize revolutionary actions here. The Home Secretary gladly undertook this congenial task, and the White Paper is the outcome. The Irish gunman's £20 turns out to have been part of a consignment of notes dispatched by the Bank for Russian Trade in this country to a Soviet Bank in Berlin. Subsequent movements of these notes have not been traced. Another Russian bank in London, the Moscow Narodny Bank, Ltd., has, however, been implicated to some extent in transferring money to the British Communist Party from its paymasters in Moscow. These transactions were carried out by a clerk in the bank, named Duncan, and by two employees of Centrosoyus, Ltd., named Quelch and Priestley. Through these three persons, a total sum of about £28,000 was disbursed for Communist purposes between July, 1927, and April, 1928.

What is the significance of these revelations? They show that Moscow is still under the illusion that it is worth while to expend a certain amount of money upon British Communism; and that the Communist Party of Great Britain is still dependent upon foreign subsidies. There is nothing surprising in this, but definite evidence that it is so may help the Labour Party to get rid of the troublesome mosquitoes which are always buzzing round it. The inquiry has also shown that a certain number of political agents are still employed by the Russian trading organizations in this country. A question of more importance, because it might lead to a further interference with trade between Great Britain and Russia, is whether such agents are employed with the knowledge and consent of the directors of these business houses. On this point the White Paper is inconclusive. The Home Office investigators say that they have discovered nothing to show that the directors had any knowledge of Duncan's transactions, but that, acting on instructions, they have not examined any of them with that object. The directors themselves, in a Memorandum appended to the Home Office Report, point out that none of the capital of the bank was used for subsidizing the Communists, that all payments by the bank were made in the ordinary course of business, and that nothing transpired in the inquiry which is at variance with this. They deny that either the Board or any of the directors knew anything of these transactions until the Home Secretary spoke of them in the

House of Commons. Let us hope that the Government will leave it at that.

We are glad to see that the Native Lands Trust Ordinance, now before the Kenya Legislative Council, to the iniquitous provisions of which we called attention some weeks ago, is not to be allowed the smooth passage into law for which those who are responsible for it probably hoped. It has been referred to a Select Committee of the Council, but meanwhile there has been a welcome intervention on the part of the Hilton Young Commission. The Secretary of State informed the House of Commons of a request from the Commission that consideration of the measure should be postponed until he had had an opportunity of examining the recommendations which they will make in their Report. Mr. Amery, apparently with some reluctance, has complied with their request; he is instructing the Governor to communicate to him the discussions in the Select Committee and to suspend action on the Bill pending further instructions. We hope that the Commission will take a firm line on this proposed Bill in their Report. As we pointed out, it erects a façade behind which the trustees can deprive the natives of their land and parcel it out to Europeans. We should like to draw the attention of the Commission and of the Secretary of State to one provision in this Bill. The Central Native Lands Trust Board is given power to lease lands in a Native Reserve which include a native village. In such a case, the village is not included in the land actually leased, but if at any time subsequently the village shall become uninhabited, then the land upon which it stood shall be included in the area leased!

The second report of the Committee on Education and Industry (the Malcolm Committee) is a very feeble affair. The Committee was asked to "inquire into and advise upon the public system of education in England and Wales, in relation to the requirements of trade and industry." The upshot of its deliberations is a series of tentative and unoriginal proposals for increasing the popularity, among employers, of continuation schools, technical schools, and so on. The most important question before the Committee was, however, that of raising the school-leaving age; and on this issue it has thought it best to express no opinion whatever. This is an astonishing exhibition of timidity. An overwhelming preponderance of the evidence received by the Committee was in favour of the proposal, yet it has allowed itself to be frightened into saying nothing by—of all bodies—the National Confederation of Employers' Organizations, which stated "emphatically" (in a memorandum on which it declined to be cross-examined) that industry is opposed to any change. So that, the Committee thinks, is that.

This, of course, is a preposterous burking of the issue. The members of the Committee themselves are admittedly in favour of raising the school age; they know how strong the arguments in support of it are. They realize also that the National Confederation knows nothing about education; it says so in its own memorandum. And yet they have been bamboozled into supposing that "the requirements of trade and industry" are governed by the National Confederation's views. Surely their job was to review the arguments put forward, and if they could meet them to do so? There would have been no difficulty about that, as Mr. Arthur Shaw, in his dissenting note, makes clear. The cost of raising the school age is greatly exaggerated by most of its critics, while there is more likely (by 1933) to be a glut of juvenile labour than the shortage which em-

ployers profess to fear. Yet the Malcolm Committee, instead of arguing the case on its merits, his strangled itself with its own terms of reference; not realizing, apparently, that if no reforms were undertaken, in the interests of trade and industry, until employers said they wanted them, progress would be very slow indeed.

* * *

As we anticipated last week, the strike notices issued by the National Union of Textile Workers have taken effect, and a number of men, estimated by the employers at between 3,000 and 3,500 and by the union at 1,000 more, have left work. Fortunately, counsels of reason and humanity have prevailed with the employers and the other five trade unions in the textile dyeing and finishing industry, with the result that the members of these unions are to continue in employment while an endeavour is being made to redistribute work in order to reduce to a minimum the loss of output which must inevitably follow. Meanwhile, the five unions have undertaken to negotiate with the employers on the points at issue and to refer to arbitration the matters on which agreement is not reached. At a joint conference of representatives of these unions and of the employers held at Manchester on Monday, two joint committees were appointed to draft appropriate arrangements for the introduction of piece-work, and to deal with the application of the unions for an immediate advance of time-workers' wages and the revision of the juvenile wage rates as suggested by the employers. On the other hand, the National Union of Textile Workers, which is on strike, is endeavouring, with little success, to make agreements with individual firms which will assure time-workers of the minimum rates guaranteed to piece-workers. It is highly improbable that a speedy termination to the dispute will be attained in this way.

* * *

In the sister cotton industry a local lockout of 10,000 weavers by the Nelson Cotton Manufacturers' Association has continued for three weeks and forms a possible source of dislocation for the whole industry. Numerous efforts have unsuccessfully been made to conciliate the employers and the workers, and local feeling has become embittered, and the outlook for settlement more remote. The coloured goods manufacturers had intended to extend the lockout to their employees, but fortunately their notices have been withdrawn, thereby avoiding the dismissal of another 5,000 workers. Meanwhile, the central committee of the Cotton Spinners and Manufacturers' Association has declared its full approval of the action of the Nelson employers, and has considered the question of giving them financial assistance. A hope of settlement remains, however, with the joint committee of ten representatives of the employers' and operatives' central organizations which has been appointed to consider the dispute at Nelson. Both sides appear anxious to prevent an extension of the lockout, but unless the joint committee is able to reach an agreement speedily, extended unemployment will almost inevitably follow.

* * *

Herr Müller Franken has not yet been able to form a coalition Government in Germany, and the reason for the delay is curious and interesting. The leaders of the People's Party contend that if their party entered the new Reich coalition it must also be represented in the Prussian coalition. Herr Müller Franken and his prospective Ministers seem to go even further, and to desire that any reconstruction of the Reich Government shall be accompanied by a parallel reconstruction of that of Prussia. The Prussian authorities seem to have agreed

in principle; but the negotiations came to a standstill upon the question of including or not including the People's Party in the Prussian Government, and upon the difficulty of obtaining a definite undertaking from the Prussian Premier. Herr Stresemann had to leave his sick room to mediate between the Reich and the Prussian authorities. He has apparently obtained a promise that the Prussian Government shall be reconstructed in the early autumn, and that the People's Party shall be included in it. The general principle contended for seems most reasonable: Prussian and Reich elections will probably always give similar or fairly similar results. It is the open admission of the Reich Government's dependence upon Prussian support which is striking.

* * *

The uncertainty with regard to the position at Peking has been somewhat relieved by the news that has come through during the past week. Yen Hsi-shan, the tuchun of Shansi, is in charge of the city, and the Nationalists do not appear to have any immediate wish to dislodge him. He has agreed to the appointment of Kuomintang commissioners and officials within the city; and the present intention appears to be to leave him where he is to act as an outer bulwark against any possible aggression from Manchuria. Elsewhere, things have not gone so well; there has been a serious outbreak of murder, looting and arson at Tientsin. Also, the whereabouts of Feng Yu-hsiang's forces seems quite uncertain. As his policy and real intentions have always been ambiguous to a degree, it is slightly disturbing that the position of his army should be doubtful also. In short, the military situation seems to be settling down; but it is by no means settled.

* * *

The news with regard to the Foundling Site is again serious. The negotiations that were proceeding with the owners on the part of a committee representing the Children's Hospital in Great Ormond Street and the Foundling Estate Protection Association, whose object was to save the site for a great public purpose, have broken down, and the owners have declared their intention of proceeding immediately with their own building project. Stated shortly, this means, first, that a scheme which would have saved these nine acres of land partly for a great public garden, and partly for the building of a new home for the oldest and most famous of children's hospitals, has been turned down because the valuers appointed on each side could not come to terms, and the owners would not agree to arbitration; and secondly, that enormous blocks of flats, rising to a height of a hundred feet—which is about double the height of any buildings in the neighbourhood, and twenty feet higher than the normal height allowed by the London Building Act—will now cover the entire site, shutting out air and sunlight and destroying the best piece of town-planning in London. A truly monstrous proposition. And it is only possible because the London County Council, who ought to have been the chief guardians of this precious open space—doubly precious because of the overcrowding of the district—have done their utmost—whether deliberately or not—to promote its destruction by permitting building on it to a height and a degree which, without their consent, would have been illegal. It is evident, however, that in spite of the failure or defection of the L.C.C. a very widespread interest is being aroused, and it is to be hoped that even now some effective steps may be taken to prevent the perpetration of so great a public injury as the total destruction of this ancient and most beautiful site. But the time is getting very short.

THE TARIFF TREND

THERE is a restiveness in the Conservative Party on the subject of Protection. The mills of Safeguarding grind slowly, and they do not grind particularly sure. The new duty on enamelled hollow-ware is clearly a miserable matter, whether regarded on its own merits, as an offering to the principles of Birmingham, or as a sop to the appetite of the National Union of Manufacturers. The stalwart Protectionists are no longer in a mood to be satisfied with duties on enamelled hollow-ware. They want something much more substantial; for example, duties on iron and steel, and on woollen and worsted imports. Such duties, it is clear, they cannot get just now, or for the lifetime of the present Parliament. For such duties would conflict too flagrantly with Mr. Baldwin's promise that he would not use Safeguarding as a "wedge" for the introduction of Protection. But the present Parliament is drawing towards its close; and increasing interest attaches accordingly to the question of what tariff policy the Conservative Party will put before the country at the next General Election. It is to this question that the Tory tariff restiveness is primarily directed.

If we reflect for a moment on this question, it becomes clear that it is very interesting indeed. The Government must define its policy one way or another at the next election. It might, of course, renew the pledges which Mr. Baldwin gave last time, not to tax food, and not to use Safeguarding as a wedge. In other words, it might declare that it would just continue the present Safeguarding arrangements with all their limiting conditions. But Governments which have debarred themselves by pledges from the pursuit of a favourite policy during one Parliament are always reluctant to renew such pledges, simply and unequivocally, for another. There is always a disposition to say, at the very least: "Our hands have been tied too rigidly. We must have more freedom in future to act as the situation may require." And in the present instance we must reckon with the Tory restiveness to which we have referred and with recent Ministerial hints as to the desirability of "reviewing" the Safeguarding arrangement in the light of "experience." But how, if Ministers demand any measure of greater freedom, is the measure of their greater freedom to be defined? Will it be easy to find a formula which will permit, to quote the phrase of the *DAILY NEWS*, "more and easier Safeguarding," and will clearly exclude a general tariff? Will the Conservatives perhaps decide that the easier way out of such difficulties is to demand once again a completely free hand? Assuredly the *DAILY NEWS* is right to stress the importance of the present Safeguarding discussions within the Tory Party. He would be a rash man who would exclude the possibility that the old Free Trade controversy may be a leading issue at the next election.

The controversy, however, will not be quite on the old lines. Free Traders will fight with a new inspiration as the result of the World Economic Conference of last year. We have been slow in Great Britain to appreciate the significance of the development represented by that Conference. We are inclined perhaps to be disappointed by the fact that it does not appear as

yet to have yielded any practical results. Some tariffs are higher than they were a year ago, others are lower; the general tariff situation is much what it was. But we must not forget that, when the Conference met last year, the trend was unmistakably and strongly towards higher tariffs, programmes of tariff increases being in course of preparation in many countries. The Conference has served already to impose a notable check upon this tendency, and to set in motion an opposite tendency towards the negotiation of new commercial treaties. Last month's meeting of the Economic Consultative Committee of the League encourages the hope that, during the ensuing year, positive and decided progress may be made.

Such expectations are not unreasonable, because of a fact which has long been familiar to close students of Continental opinion, and which last year's Conference brought into prominence. There is a noteworthy movement of opinion throughout the Continent away from the whole idea of economic nationalism in which the high-tariff policies of the nineteenth century had their roots. The splitting-up of the economic unit of the Austro-Hungarian Empire into several independent States maintaining tariffs against one another has supplied an object-lesson in the mutually impoverishing effects of tariff barriers, to which no one in Central Europe can be blind. The broad contrast between the economic fortunes of the United States, with its large internal Free Trade market, and of Europe, with its score of tariff walls, has also had a powerful influence on the Continental imagination. The general state of mind in Europe to-day supplies an opportunity for which Cobden and Bright in their day looked in vain. It is an opportunity from which no people stands to gain more than ourselves. To give effective leadership to this international movement towards lower tariffs is manifestly our true rôle. It is unfortunate enough that the Government's Safeguarding tendencies render it very difficult for us to fulfil this rôle. A plunge into whole-hog Protection at such a juncture would be an offence against the law of our national being.

AUNT TABITHA AND MR. CHURCHILL

THE persistence of Ministers in misrepresenting the Liberal "Yellow Book" proposal to transfer the function of relieving the able-bodied to the State is apparently incorrigible. They habitually misrepresent it as a proposal to make the State foot the bill of outdoor relief, while leaving the administration in the hands of local Boards of Guardians; and they observe with justice—or what would be justice if the description were accurate—that such an arrangement would be preposterous. We referred last week to Mr. Churchill's habit of disposing of the Liberal proposal in this easy way. But the habit is not confined to him. Mr. Baldwin, for example, spoke as follows last Saturday at Dundas Castle:—

"Nothing would have been easier for the Government than to say, 'We will take over the whole burden of outdoor relief and pay the bill at the Treasury.' Some critics of the Government advise us to do that. It is not a doctrine likely to commend itself to you. 'No taxation without representation' is a sound political maxim, and to distribute the fruits of taxation without any effort to relate their enjoyment to the cost of providing them is not the height of political wisdom. We rejected that costly and easy plan of indiscriminate and universal pauperization for a constructive scheme of local government."

We do not profess to be able to attach any very clear meaning to some phrases in this remarkable piece of rhetoric. We do not know what Mr. Baldwin means by

suggesting that the enjoyment of the fruits of taxation ought to be related to the "cost of providing them," whether he means, for instance, that different localities, and perhaps different social classes, ought to draw benefits from the Exchequer in proportion to the taxes which they pay, a doctrine which would be so startlingly in conflict with the principles of national and social solidarity that we think it kinder to suppose that Mr. Baldwin did not here mean anything at all. But his reference to the maxim of "no taxation without representation" shows that he is under the impression that the Liberal proposal is to transfer the financial burden of outdoor relief without transferring the administrative responsibility, to extend, as it were, the system of the Metropolitan Common Poor Fund over the whole country. For this impression there is no excuse whatever. The "Yellow Book" proposes, in terms free from any possible ambiguity, to transfer to the State the whole *function* of relieving the able-bodied, i.e., to transfer the administrative as well as the financial responsibility. And it recommends this course not only on financial grounds, but on administrative grounds as well. It emphasizes the defects of the present dual system of unemployment relief under which we rely partly on Unemployment Insurance, nationally administered in accordance with uniform rules, and partly on outdoor relief, the amount and the ease of obtaining which depend on the political complexion of the local Boards of Guardians. It urges the need for substituting for these anomalous and in many ways objectionable arrangements, a co-ordinated system on a national basis. In other words, the proposal to transfer the relief of the able-bodied to the State is put forward not only as a contribution to the rating problem, but as an integral part of a sound policy of unemployment relief.

In view of the systematic Ministerial distortion of this proposal, the appearance of a booklet by Mr. Ramsay Muir, entitled "Rating Reform: the Right Way and the Wrong Way,"* is opportune. "The right way and the wrong way," Mr. Churchill will exclaim, "that is just the routine tactic of political partizanship."

"Whatever I do and whatever I say,
Aunt Tabitha tells me it isn't the way,"

he assured a public audience a week or two ago. Well, doubtless, the general analogy is fair enough; political oppositions are very like Aunt Tabitha, and their criticisms must be correspondingly discounted. But the misfortune of Aunt Tabitha's method lies in the fact that she is not always wrong, and that she is not listened to when she is right. Mr. Churchill, moreover, is one of those nephews who supply Aunt Tabitha with a considerable measure of justification for her general attitude.

Anyone who takes the trouble to read Mr. Ramsay Muir's clear and able analysis will realize how much force there is, on the present occasion, in the criticism that Mr. Churchill has chosen the wrong way of dealing with a real problem, how his method will plunge the rating system into a desperate, anomalous muddle, and how, on the other hand, it will close the door on really constructive policies. Under the first head we need not now add anything to what we have previously said. The operation of the Rating and Valuation Bill is likely to drive home more vividly than any argument the arbitrary nature of the discriminations on which Mr. Churchill's plan is based. But it is important to appreciate what an opportunity he has missed of securing a reconstruction of our system of unemployment relief, which is urgently desirable for a great variety of reasons.

Mr. Ramsay Muir sets out the administrative objections to our present arrangements succinctly and temperately:—

"There are already two sets of officials dealing with the unemployed—and often, as things are, dealing at cross purposes with the same unemployed. There are, first, the officials of the Labour Exchanges, who administer the unemployment insurance scheme, and put the unemployed man in touch with possible jobs. And there are, secondly, the officials of the Board of Guardians, who administer 'outdoor relief,' often in supplement of the insurance benefits. This overlapping some-

times leads to waste or fraud. Moreover, these two sets of officials are under the control of two different Government departments—the Labour Exchanges under the Ministry of Labour, the Guardians under the Ministry of Health. And this must lead to more cross purposes."

But the administrative overlapping is only part of the evil. Because poor-relief, falling on the rates, is the only alternative to unemployment benefit, the unemployment insurance system has been distorted from its true shape in order to meet the pressure of abnormal post-war unemployment. The Unemployment Fund is carrying a large part of the burden of maintaining the surplus labour in the coal mines and other industries; the weekly contributions of employers and employed have accordingly to be high enough to meet this burden; and this means that they are far higher than can be justified on insurance principles, i.e., they are far higher than the premiums required to cover the risk to which the insured persons can reasonably be regarded as exposed. The "Yellow Book" summed the matter up as follows (p. 276):—

"It is certainly not insurance to throw the maintenance of the surplus of miners on the contributions of employers and workers in the great mass of occupations where the risk of unemployment is probably not greater than it was in pre-war days. It means, in effect, maintaining the miners by a peculiar sort of tax, which is partly a poll-tax on insured workers and partly a tax on employment."

Note these last words. To levy weekly contributions from employers and employed, in excess of the amount required on genuine insurance principles, is to impose a tax which, in principle, is just as bad as local rates. Its only advantage in practice over local rates is that it is uniform throughout the country, and does not fall most heavily on the most depressed areas and trades. But it is a very bad tax; partly a poll-tax and partly a tax on employment, for it means that employers in every industry must pay for the maintenance of the surplus miners in proportion to the number of workpeople they employ, which is as bad as making them pay in proportion to the fixed capital they employ. It is a tax which, like local rates, enters into the cost of production and is a real burden on industry. The "Yellow Book," accordingly, contains the following suggestion:—

"When the relief of unemployment, outside the Insurance System, has thus been made a national function and a national charge, it will become possible and desirable to relieve the Insurance System of a burden which it ought not to carry, and to reduce the contributions of employers and workers to a proper actuarial basis."

Mr. Ramsay Muir develops this proposal by reminding us of the Blanesburgh Committee calculation that equal contributions to the Unemployment Fund of 5d. per week (as against the present rates of 8d. from the employer, 7d. from the worker, and 6d. from the State) should be sufficient to cover "normal" unemployment. Fantastic though this calculation was as part of a prophecy that unemployment was likely soon to become normal, it represents fairly enough the level of contributions that can reasonably be regarded as insurance. If the State were to assume the remainder of the charge which now falls on the Unemployment Fund, while taking over the able-bodied from the Poor Law, we should have arrangements which would relieve industry nearly as much, would cost the State far less, and would be based on far sounder principles than the amateurish arrangements which Mr. Churchill proposes.

But there is more to be said. The arrangements under which the burden of abnormal post-war unemployment is largely thrown on the Unemployment Fund and partly thrown upon the rates are admittedly so unsatisfactory in principle that they exist to-day only as temporary arrangements, to which a statutory time-limit has now been put. The Unemployment Insurance Act which was passed last year, with the ostensible idea of putting the system on a permanent foundation, contained the so-called "thirty contributions" rule, which, when it operates, will exclude from benefit (as on insurance principles it is right to do) anyone who has been unemployed for a prolonged period. The operation of this clause was postponed until April,

*Liberal Publication Department, 6d.

1929. In that month, as matters now stand, such classes of unemployed as the surplus miners will be ineligible for benefit, and will be thrown back upon the Poor Law. Ministers in defending the "thirty contributions" rule, expressed, of course, the hope that by April, 1929, abnormal unemployment would have disappeared. Do they still entertain such hopes? Why, Mr. Churchill's rating relief, which is to perform the miracle, will not take effect till six months later. What, then, are we to do? Throw the surplus miners on the Poor Law? Postpone once more the operation of the "thirty contributions" rule, which is undoubtedly a proper feature of a genuine insurance system? Presumably the latter course will be adopted. We shall have another amending Unemployment Insurance Act. But could anything show more clearly the desirability of overhauling comprehensively our system of unemployment relief on the lines recommended in the "Yellow Book"?

HAS ANYTHING HAPPENED LATELY TO THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND AND, IF SO, WHAT?

SIXTY or seventy years ago in all well-bred, educated Nonconformist households, whenever an occasion arose to refer to members of the "Establishment," they were described, politely, pithily, and with historical accuracy, as "Episcopalians."

A bishop's apron was for two centuries the sign and symbol of schism in England and Wales. This harmless, and (in Mrs. Carlyle's opinion) slightly ridiculous, because useless, garment cut England and Wales into two classes, socially and theologically.

Many an honest, and even wealthy, dissenter has lived and died without even speaking to a bishop, whether Roman or Anglican; certainly without feeling the kindly pressure on his head of an Apostolic hand.

Offa's Dyke was never so complete a token of separation in life, habits, and faith as was this apron.

Of late years the boundary line has become confused. Money and the fashion that money brings with it are great mixers of creeds; yet the Dyke still stands.

The Order of Bishops and the two other Orders of Priests and Deacons, proceeding from, replenished and endowed with spiritual gifts, by the laying on of Episcopal hands, allied the Episcopalians, on one side, with the old Church that sits on the Seven Hills, to which Church all alike once belonged. John Knox, the author of that "Black" rubric, which until it was forgotten was for long a stumbling block in the path of the High Church party, was for thirty-eight years of his life a Papist and for many years a Roman priest, baptizing, absolving, and administering the sacraments of his Church.

On the other side, these three Orders of Bishops, Priests, and Deacons differentiated the Church of England, and still differentiate her from all the Nonconforming bodies, after whom the affectionate heart of the Home Secretary yearns—and who can wonder?—for is he not in every bone of his body, nay, in the very cut of his clothes, a Sectary from head to heel?

But for this barrier of these three Orders, and all that is involved and implied in and by them, it is at least quite possible that some one or other of the various half-hearted schemes of Comprehension entertained by the eighteenth-century latitudinarian Divines might have come to something long before the rediscovery at Oxford of the seventeenth-century Divinity knocked the bottom out of all of them.

As it is Offa's Dyke and the Bishop's apron still survive, as those who hanker after an unreal union with Nonconformists will discover if they persevere.

John Knox, as was once well known, was offered an English bishopric in the time of King Edward VI., but wisely declined it, thus probably saving himself from being burnt by an English Queen Mary. In later and quieter times Richard Baxter, and also Philip Doddridge, whose fluent hymns we are sure the Home Secretary has often sung with gusto, might have become bishops had they "conformed," but they said No! and for the good reason that they had read the Consecration Service of Bishops, and felt they could not undergo it. These things are mighty serious when you come to look into them. We wonder whether the Home Secretary has ever read the Church Services relating to the Ordination and Consecration of Deacons, Priests, and Bishops? It is almost impossible to think he has not, and hard to believe that he has.

The House of Commons was well within its rights in refusing to give the sanction of an Act of Parliament to the revised Prayer Book. King Charles II.'s Prayer Book, so dear to the sentimental souls of the Lords Carson and Cushendun, is a schedule to an Act of Parliament, and when the Bishops and the representatives of the Clergy, and the Communicating laity of the Episcopalians, come and ask that their new alternative Prayer Book may become an Act of Parliament, like its numerous and forgotten predecessors, they must put up with the rebuff they have received; for, as our Constitution at present stands, and is likely to remain for some time longer, you cannot get an Act of Parliament without the consent of the House of Commons.

But what is the effect of this rebuff? Is it a blow to the Church of England? Disraeli, a Prime Minister who had the uncanny gift of seeing a yard or two into the future, a gift happily denied to all his successors, once declared that Dr. Newman's conversion to Rome dealt the Church of England a blow under which it still reels. Has "Jix" dealt such a blow? Clearly not! Newman's blow, if it were one, consisted in the fact that by "going over" he made it plain that he could no longer bring himself to believe that the Church of England was a branch of the Catholic Church, one and undivided—but our courageous Home Secretary never believed it was, and would have promptly left it if he thought it had been. No comparison can therefore safely be made between Newman and Sir William Joynson-Hicks.

With the truth of Church of England doctrines or principles the House of Commons has no concern. It is not a branch of any Church, divided or undivided; and it would be frankly unbearable were an assembly so constituted to express any opinion as to the truth or falsehood of any article of religion.

The Home Secretary may or may not believe in the drama of the mass. He may or may not think it incredible, vulgar, and idolatrous. His belief or unbelief is wholly irrelevant. He may or he may not believe in the great counter-mystery of the Evangelicals, the doctrine of the Atonement (not as yet set to music by any Mozart):—

"My Jesus—to know and feel His blood flow,

'Tis life everlasting, 'tis Heaven below."

In either case, such belief or unbelief was irrelevant to the issue before Parliament.

The only question before Parliament was whether, in the present state of opinion in the country, it was desirable to make the alterations that the Church of England appeared to demand in the public worship of a Church associated in a hundred ways with the secular State. But for this association the House of Commons would have had

no firmer *locus standi* than would the Jockey Club or the Committee of the London Stock Exchange.

Nobody will ever consent to allow the House of Commons to decide whether the Divines of the seventeenth century, Dr. Pusey, Mr. Keble, Dean Church, or Canon Liddon were or were not entitled to remain members of the Church of their baptism.

It is no doubt now the case (particularly since the Enabling Act has imparted a Presbyterian hue to the Church of England) that laymen cannot, as of old, be excluded from the Councils of the Church, but those Church of England laymen who still believe that *visibility* is one of the conditions of a Church, should remember that, however much their confidence in the divine right of Episcopacy has been rudely shaken, that, in the words of Mr. Gladstone, who was, we suppose, in his day a representative and faithful lay member of the Church of England, "there is no principle of perpetuity in the body of lay or ordinary Churchmen; the Christianity of the private Christian terminates with his own natural life—he does not transmit it to others, for he has no authority to administer baptism" (Gladstone's "Church Principles," pp. 273-4).

It may at this moment seem hard to impose any limits in time upon so vigorous a personality as Sir William Joynson-Hicks, yet if the principles of the Church so demand, it must be done. But, of course, the Home Secretary has his answer to Mr. Gladstone ready—"What have I to do with Church principles?"

It is therefore plain that though this second rejection is a snub to Episcopacy, it leaves the Church of England as a spiritual body unaffected.

But what should be the next step of the Church of England as a spiritual body?

It is, we are told, a "Church in fetters." But that it has always been from the start. The Royal supremacy has chafed the limbs of many stalwart Churchmen. The interference of the House of Commons has always been hard to bear. Things are not to-day worse than they were a year ago.

Some hot-blooded folk are beginning to urge the Bishops to permit in public worship the use of a Prayer Book that has not received Parliamentary sanction; and, if told that such a course of action would precipitate Disestablishment and partial Disendowment, cry out in their indignation, "What matter if it does?"

But are these "non-jurors" quite sure that by simply asking for Disestablishment they would get it? So big a question as Disestablishment must first be submitted to the country and discussed in every parish before it can even be debated clause by clause in both Houses. Besides, pious Churchmen will do well to remember that there is a very large body of voters (how large no one can measure) who, though not in any sense of the word "Churchmen," cling tenaciously to an Establishment as the best *devitalizer* of Christian dogma ever invented, and who shudder all down their backs at the bare thought of two or three more "Free Churches."

It by no means follows that you can get Disestablishment just by asking for it.

The Bishops are to meet in the course of the next few days, and we may be sure that they will do nothing in a hurry or in a fit of bad temper. They are wiser men than they were a year ago, and if they have ever prayed

"O wad some pow'r the giffie gie us
To see ourselves as others see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
An' foolish notion":

that prayer at least has been answered. Cabinet Ministers no less than bishops might wisely join in the same supplication.

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

THE GROWTH OF THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS

By SIR JOSIAH STAMP.

IN Thomson's "Castle of Indolence"—

"Ten thousand great ideas filled his mind,
But with the clouds they fled, and left no trace behind."

Perhaps the infantile mortality rate in bright ideas is greater to-day than ever it was, and psychologico-eugenics has not yet told us whether the hardy survival of the fittest from a brood, or the well-born and carefully nurtured rarity, is the greater factor in social progress. But surely no idea ever grew and attained full stature and power so rapidly as that which was conceived by Graham Wallas, Bernard Shaw, and the Webbs at breakfast at Borough Farm, near Godalming, in August, 1894. For in 1895, almost without funds, and without buildings, with the simplest opening curriculum, but with genuine intellectual greatness, and a vision of possibility, the London School of Economics and Political Science came into being. The story of its genesis has been told elsewhere. This is not the place to record its achievements, or assess its influence in science, commerce, and practical affairs, or judge the enduring value of the hundred volumes of its research series, or measure its inspiration in the lives of thousands of its students. Sufficient here merely to set out briefly the half-romance, half-miracle of its material growth.

The hopes on which each successive expansion has been based have, on its practical materialization, been immediately outdistanced by reality. Three rooms rented from the Society of Arts in October, 1895, in 9, John Street, Adelphi, were the scene of lectures by Dr. Cannan on the "History of Local Rates in England," and by Bertrand Russell on "German Social Democracy," and of the writing of research in the History of Trade Unions (which form the first three volumes of the School's published studies). But by June, 1896, the number of students compelled removal to larger premises in 10, Adelphi Terrace, obtained through the help of Mrs. Bernard Shaw. The necessity for an independent building was quickly seen, and a site in the reconstruction area of Kingsway and Aldwych was provided by the L.C.C., and the building fund generously begun by Mr. Passmore Edwards and by Lord Rothschild. In 1902 the new building in Clare Market was opened, and for eighteen years, with extensive temporary sheds on the adjacent sites, this had to serve the growing needs of the School. These were the great days of its first era. The pioneer teachers, Dr. Cannan, Graham Wallas, Sidney Webb, have all recently retired from active work; Mrs. Knowles has passed beyond; but happily, of the names of world-renown, Professor Bowley stands in the same vigour of influence as ever. In 1900 the School became one of the colleges of the reconstituted University of London, and in 1905 a student was graduated B.Sc., in Economics and Political Science, as an internal student—the first of a long line. In these years others, like myself, found a new world opening. The British Library of Political Science, under the enthusiasm of Mr. Headicar, who must have ministered to the needs of thousands of inquirers, was even then an unrivalled field for research, and the Common Room library gave a hungry, impecunious, and peripatetic student his one opportunity for taking the text-books home and on his travels. That original library, then so spacious and adequate, is now a mere unit in the larger scheme. When peace came and gave a new opportunity for expansion, the foundation-stone of the new block in Houghton Street was laid by the King. This covered the present entrance and lecture theatre, but a second block was begun in 1921, followed by

a third in 1924. The University Grants Committee, the L.C.C., the Laura Spelman Rockefeller and Carnegie trustees all contributed to this triple effort. But then followed immediately a great new movement in the acquisition, under special powers, of the adjoining property by funds from the same sources. The untiring energies, the vision and genius of the present Director, Sir William Beveridge (also Vice-Chancellor of the University) have counted for more than any other single human factor in this advance. The buildings opened this week by the Prince of Wales comprise a new wing on the site of these old houses and two more storeys on the building of 1920-1. They fitly include a "Founder's Room" to serve commemorative and other special purposes, and here is being placed the newly completed portrait of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb by Mr. William Nicholson.

A further extension at the corner of Clare Market and Houghton Street, representing a fifth stage, is in contemplation, bringing the building programme since the war to over £350,000. But even now the floor space has increased nearly sixfold in eight years.

The name of the School to the uninitiated bespeaks a mere corner of human affairs—an item in the vast curriculum of University knowledge. Yet its Calendar splits into three hundred courses in distinct fields of teaching. Furthermore, it is the great centre of economic research in these islands, and the main agency by which the practice of commerce can be studied on a scientific basis. In its thousand regular students, forty countries and dominions are represented, and the large proportion of evening students has always been a remarkable feature. In so far as economics involves political ideas, the official teaching has been fair and balanced. But the School itself has never been colourless and negative, for opinions of all shades have jostled in its common rooms, no less than in other centres of mental activity. Eager, bubbling, and restless; thoughtful, earnest, and absorbed; catholic and cosmopolitan; from all classes and all types of thought, this throng of life, young and mature, in lecture halls and common rooms, is the answer to the question whether it has all been worth while, and whether the institution is becoming worthy of the greatest city and economic centre of the world.

LIFE AND POLITICS

THERE was little to cause surprise in the second rejection of the new Prayer Book by the House of Commons. When, some months ago, the Bishops' concessions were announced it was seen that they were insufficient to placate the opposition. The Bishops throughout have shown themselves to be singularly out of touch with non-ecclesiastical opinion, and impotent to influence it. Fifty or even twenty years ago the advice of the Archbishops and most of the Bishops would have had a great, perhaps a decisive, influence over the majority of the House of Commons and the public generally. This controversy has shown in a startling way the decline in power and prestige of the Anglican hierarchy. Their ingenious compromise, never more than half-heartedly put forward, and weakened from the start by divisions, has been roughly and contemptuously set aside. They left out of their reckoning a feeling which is always latent, and which when once stirred is decisive in these matters. No doubt they collectively despised it. The Protestant watchdog was roused by the first measure, and began to bark; roused a second time, he bit. The Re-revised Book was turned down by Parliament because of the vague but uneasy conviction of ordinary persons that, on the whole, it marked

a Romeward tendency. I cannot myself explain or defend the undoubted suspicion of Anglo-Catholicism that exists in the mass of the people—personally I admire them as the "livest" element in the Church—but it is there, and cannot be ignored with impunity. I have been surprised myself in these last few weeks to find how many of my own acquaintances, usually persons of enlightenment and intelligence, whose "reaction" to the affair may be fairly summarized in the simple formula "to hell with the Pope."

* * *

The curious feature of the debate was that, contrary to what happened in the first debate, argument had little or no effect upon votes. The weight of argument was heavily on the side of acceptance; nearly all the best speeches were on that side, but the shells fired from the big guns were mostly "duds." At the end of the first day it was accurately known that the measure would be defeated; hence the flatness and unreality of much of the speaking, although the oratorical level was much above the average. The day was with Jix, who has an uncanny instinct for marching in step with popular feeling. One important change was the recovery of Nonconformity from the weakness and hesitation of its earlier attitude. Our old friend the Nonconformist conscience emerged from retirement in a spurt of youthful energy. The Nonconformist mentality in politics is stronger than is often supposed. The Puritan spirit is alive and active throughout organized labour, though it is expressed in phraseology that would puzzle the old Puritans. Modern liberalism, on the whole, is clear that liberty in religious affairs ought not to cover licence, however "safeguarded," to carry on magical practices within the Church of England. If the Anglo-Catholics are to be regarded as a new variety of Nonconformists they should—so the rough argument runs—do as the other Nonconformists did, and leave the Church. (The safeguards are, in this case, to adapt political language, not protection.) Perpetual Reservation, with its inevitable consequence of adoration, was the only thing that mattered. If the Bishops had consented to leave Reservation alone they could have got their Book, but, naturally, they could not do that, for it would have turned all their labours into foolishness. I can see no point whatever in the alleged intention of the Home Secretary and his friends to bring forward a non-contentious Book. The parliaments of the Church may not be very vigorous bodies, but they have their pride. On the whole, I think the House of Commons felt that it was not risking very much in destroying the Bishops' scheme of settlement, which certainly would have settled nothing. The general sentiment probably was that, after all, it is the job of the Bishops to suppress illegal practices in the Church; they have notoriously failed to do so; and Parliament is not willing to help them by making those practices more easy to commit.

* * *

The late Lord Lincolnshire was, above all, a "character." There was no one in the least like him, and now that he is dead our public life has lost its most picturesque figure. Politically he was in a strangely isolated position, and he enjoyed his isolation. He was a great landowner, a friend of kings, a Court official, and also a Radical who expressed his Radicalism with the utmost directness and simplicity. It seemed quite natural to hear of him singing the "Land Song," to the astonished Peers, at the age of eighty-four. He was in many ways a survival of the eighteenth century, an age when landed aristocrats were accustomed to display an unfettered individuality in action and speech. The traditions of his class had not the least influence in weakening his Radicalism. He was Radical in the grain, and he showed it where it was perhaps most

difficult socially for him to put precept into practice—as a landlord. His contracts with his tenants stated their right to vote as they liked, to worship how and where they liked, to farm as they thought best, and to claim compensation from their landlord for improvements and disturbance. Lord Lincolnshire was seen at his liveliest and best at functions in his pet institution, the National Liberal Club, where he was adored. His short, sharp speeches there were always refreshing. With all his picturesqueness and comic violence of speech, he was extremely cautious and astute. He was well aware of the interest and attraction of the Lincolnshire legend, and he saw that it was properly sustained. Again and again his calculated casualness was employed to tide over a crisis or dissolve an angry meeting into laughter. His refusal, against all expectation, to join the Liberal Council was characteristic of his independence of judgment. Much as he loved Lord Oxford, he would have nothing to do with sectionalism in the party; he held that the duty of a Liberal is to be loyal to what the party as a whole wishes and decides.

One might discuss for ever the question of whether the late Mrs. Pankhurst and her agitation should be credited with getting women the vote. She certainly succeeded where others had failed in making women's suffrage a living issue; but in the days of the fury many of us were tempted to wish that she had left it alone. The cost of the advertisement was very high, and probably the lawless violence of the militants convinced as many people that women were not fit for political responsibility as the statement of the case convinced other and different people that the reform was long overdue. Mrs. Pankhurst argued it out quite coolly: she saw that, historically, violence had usually proved the accompaniment and convincing argument of political agitation where reform was stubbornly resisted. She set herself deliberately to create the violence, beginning, as it were, at the end. In this strange business she showed consummate leadership, based upon a complete personal ascendancy, and buttressed by every conceivable appeal to loyalty and passion. Like so many advocates of violence, she was herself mild and gentle; indeed, the impression of her fragility was itself a potent factor in her appeal. Revolt was bred in her from her early political experience in Manchester; she was a natural rebel until the war swept her into acquiescence. Doubtless she realized that post-war gratitude was certain in the end to yield what artificial violence would (probably) have failed to exact. She must, one supposes, have been secretly alarmed occasionally at the dark forces she unloosed. No one who happened to attend her meetings for women at the height of the agitation is likely to forget the extraordinary and repellent atmosphere of fanaticism. I remember seeing her appear on the platform after one of her releases from prison under the cat-and-mouse procedure. The sight of the effectively staged (and no doubt perfectly genuine) suffering of the leader roused the women there to a fury of indignation and adoration such as I have never seen before or since. It was almost terrifying, and after that experience I felt I could understand the devices by which the forces that explode in revolutions are released.

I have just read Sir Alfred Robbins's little book on the Press in Benn's Sixpenny Library. In discussing the liberty of the Press he makes a point which it is, I think, most necessary to make. "The chief danger to the journalist in these days," he says, "is the recrudescence of judicial desire to strain the abnormal process of contempt of court to the extent of preventing all criticism of themselves." He adds, with justice, that to extend the process to cover criticism of incompetent or partial judges is a

danger to the State. The point may be underlined by reference to what happened in the courts quite recently, when it was laid down that a journalist who attacks a judge for partiality, political or social bias, &c., even after the case is over, runs the risk of a prosecution for contempt of court. So far as I know, there was no newspaper comment on this menacing judgment. Judges, like every other species of functionary, are jealously anxious to take every opportunity of enlarging the sphere of their authority. It is only human nature. Suspicion and dislike of Press criticism as a rival and limiting authority have been active on the Bench throughout our history, and what is called for from the Press now, as always, is persistent vigilance and boldness.

Unfortunately, our popular newspapers at present have no time to spare for such high matters from their occupation of advertising themselves as advertising mediums. Nothing in my time has done more to bring the penny journals into contempt than the competing din with which they assail the ears of the advertisers. The price of advertisements is, of course, fixed in accordance with the figures of the net sales, and the absorbing occupation of every big circulation paper is to swell the figure. Hence the frantic offers of the best insurance terms, and the spectacle of rival papers bidding against each other, and putting up their insurance payments to heights which one would have supposed to be uneconomic. No device is too silly or too cheap for some newspapers to adopt in order to increase, not at all necessarily the number of its readers, but the number of people who buy it to get the coupons or what-not. There are signs that the engineering of big circulations as bait for big advertisers has become so absurd that it is defeating its own object. In this matter I agree with the *MORNING POST*, which has come very well out of its quarrel with the *DAILY MAIL*. The latter, with characteristic bullying vulgarity, sneered at the *Post*'s modest circulation, and was neatly countered. The speeches at the recent Advertisers' Conference showed that the advertisers themselves are realizing the truth of the *Post*'s contention: that what matters is not the number of people who buy a paper for reasons quite unconnected with its news, views, or advertisements, but the number of people who buy it to read it, advertisements and all.

Before long, they say, all the films will be talking. The economic necessity behind this latest triumph of the machine is said to be that, in America at any rate, saturation point is being reached. Some novelty must be found to stimulate interest in the movies, for the thing has been grossly overdone. The difficulty about the talking film or movietone is that, while synchronization has been perfectly achieved, no way has been (or is, I should think, likely to be) invented of making the voice appear to proceed from the mouth of the image on the screen. Unless this can be managed the chances of the movietone drama superseding the real thing would appear to be small. For myself, I like the film silent. As it is, one need not pay attention to a painful picture; a cinema house is dark and fairly peaceful (though usually full of bad air), and one can sleep if hard put to it. But the movietone assaults two senses at once. The threatened vocalization of American films is a serious matter. Already this unoffending country has been soaked for many years in second-hand impressions of U.S.A. civilization, for the most part wildly foreign to our native ideas and ways of life. The prospect of having to listen to the American language blared out in a thousand picture palaces is truly appalling. Almost it persuades me to be a Protectionist.

KAPPA.

THE TRIUMPH OF MRS. PANKHURST

(BY ONE WHO KNEW HER.)

"Most poets are cradled into poetry by wrong,
They learn in suffering what they teach in song."

SOMETHING of the kind might be said of Social Reformers, and it might be said of Mrs. Pankhurst. Along with her barrister husband—an expansive and generous man—she had plunged while still young into Socialism, much to the surprise of Manchester Socialists, who in the late 'eighties were unaccustomed to recruits. The newcomers quickened the pace of the local movement and led the sort of fight which in that remote age stirred the blood—a fight for free speech at Boggart Hole Clough. After victory had been won, Dr. Pankhurst, who had spent freely and neglected his worldly interests for "the cause," died.

There were four children, and very little on which to rear them. Mrs. Pankhurst, who had served on the Manchester School Board and the Board of Guardians, became a Registrar of Births and Deaths in a drab district in which many poor women came on grief. Her years in this office made upon her an impression that never faded. She heard and saw what filled her with rage and gloom. Her "piping took a troubled note." She was no longer a Socialist "sans phrase." She had realized an opposition of sexes as well as of classes. Capitalists were tyrants—so were men.

Mutterings followed in the I.L.P. What would the movement do for women? The reply that Socialism meant Universal Justice, and therefore votes for all women and all men, was not good enough. Philip Snowden, the idolized chairman of the party, saw a pistol at his head. When he said less than was demanded, the weapon was fired. The Women's Social and Political Union came to birth, to work for the immediate enfranchisement of women, and Mrs. Pankhurst and her family, "the predestined children of an implacable mother," dedicated themselves to a crusade—"To die be given us or attain." After much early hostility the development of the Union was rapid. Money was freely given. The instinct to sacrifice turned women of all ages and conditions into devotees. Mrs. Pankhurst was worshipped in the schools; she had but to beckon to induce young women to forsake pleasure and ease for the tumult and taunts of the street. She moved among these neophytes like a priestess, and conferred happiness by a look, a word, or a touch. At a hint her followers, young and old, faced insult, indignity, and risk of death. She understood her rôle and played it with conviction. She became detached, aloof, oracular. She issued her edicts.

When certain of her colleagues, groaning under her despotism, invoked the constitution of her organization, she tore up a copy of that document with the appropriate comment, "I am the constitution." A schism followed, and produced the Women's Freedom League. But the fascinated majority, "theirs but to do or die," acclaimed the action of their leader. The Dictatorship became absolute, and made the war more bitter. Over the raids on the House of Commons it was easy to laugh, but for the women who took part in them they were no laughing matter. To be the centre of a vast mob containing a large element of rowdies, to be carried off one's feet, to be thrown forward and backward as the mob helplessly heaved and receded, or lie prone as it broke before the pressure of mounted police was an experience which the hardiest might dread. But again and again women of delicacy and refine-

ment underwent it and counted themselves repaid if their ordeal won a nod of approval from their leader.

And the leader? She would sit with the generals in Caxton House while the tumult grew and the reluctant policemen fought their way to Scotland Yard with women whose pertinacity left no alternative to arrest. Anon the scouts would report that the battle went well. Fifty, sixty, women had been taken, though the night was young. But the leader was seldom satisfied. Reserves, more reserves, would be sent into the street, until at midnight or later a new record of arrests had been created. Only then would the troops be called off and the General Staff concentrate on the possibilities of a further hullabaloo next day at the Law Courts.

The raids were the pitched battles of the campaign. But between the pitched battles went on an incessant and sometimes diverting warfare, of which the details have sunk into oblivion. Did these furies really break windows and burn churches and golf houses? Did they chain themselves to railings and seats in meeting places and in the House of Commons? Did they inject acids into pill-boxes? One remembers an attack upon Mr. Asquith on a golf course, in which he retained not only his dignity, but his putter. What was done to other political chiefs? Did they bite Mr. Churchill or try to poison Mr. Lloyd George? In a struggle so incomprehensible the defence is as fantastic as the attack. Did Mr. Asquith really believe that "Votes for Women" involved peril to men or to society? Were the views of Lord Birkenhead on the subject really pondered by the party chiefs? Did a Member of Parliament really warn his colleagues that women Ministers would bring their babies to the Treasury bench?

It is no doubt all true, but it passes understanding.

The monstrous controversy was drowned by the louder clamours of the world-war. The Suffragettes, so dreaded by the club men, hastened to attire themselves in factory overalls, to drive motor-cars, to nurse and scrub in hospitals, or maybe to distribute "white feathers." In the early stages of the struggle a hundred cameras registered a dramatic *rapprochement* of the militant leader and Mr. Lloyd George. At this point Mrs. Pankhurst, follower of John Stuart Mill, revolutionary, disruptionist, went to sleep. Someone of the same name, a strident voice in Hyde Park, imbued hate of the Germans and seemed to ridicule the thousands of suffrage speeches in which the enfranchisement of women had been urged as a guarantee of peace. When peace returned, women obtained the vote mainly, in Mr. Asquith's opinion, because of their behaviour during the war. How had he expected them to behave?

I do not like to think of Mrs. Pankhurst in these later phases. I like to think of her as I knew her long ago in Manchester before her star had mounted in the heavens. Then she came readily to talk to obscure meetings and at street-corners, and counted thousands of poor men and women as her friends. She had a gift of speech in those days that was greater than eloquence. She spoke mournfully. Her metaphors were shapes of gloom. But there was that in her voice and mien that caught and kept the mind. She would pass from a recital of some woman's hardship to an impassioned contemplation of all suffering:—

"The whole of the world's tears,
And all the trouble of her labouring ships,
And all the trouble of her myriad years."

Her sombre face would glow with impersonal pity and appeal, her sad voice utter the plaint of her sex. One no longer heard a woman's voice, one heard, or one thought one heard, the voice of women.

There can be no question as to the magnitude of her achievement. The enfranchisement of women was won by Mrs. Pankhurst, not by the Serajevo pistol. Had there

been no war, some minor calamity would have saved the face or changed the heart of the Prime Minister and rescued the Government from a situation repugnant to the Liberal tradition and rapidly becoming impossible. And more women are concerned than those of Great Britain. The movement towards sexual equality is now world-wide. When Mrs. Pankhurst broke windows some of the splinters fell in remote places: even the harem and the purdah were aware of them!

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

EDUCATION AND THE PRAYER BOOK DEBATE

SIR,—Little attention has been paid to the bearing of the situation revealed, rather than created, by the Prayer-Book debate on the elementary education problem, and in particular on the problem of the thousands of "single-school districts" where the single school is under Anglican management.

Those who passed the Acts of 1870 and 1902 generally assumed that religious teaching in "Church of England" schools would be of a fairly uniform type, based on the "catechism and formularies distinctive of" that Church. It was also assumed that the majority of the parents residing in such districts would be Anglicans, and would necessarily be satisfied with religious instruction given by the incumbent himself or by teachers appointed by him and his nominees. The Nonconformist minority in such districts would, it was hoped, come in time to be satisfied with the right to withdraw their children from religious instruction.

As things now are, the opposing parties in the Church of England are much further separated in opinion than were normal Anglicans and Nonconformists in 1870. The new incumbent of a single-school parish may be an extreme Modernist, or an extreme Evangelical, or an extreme Anglo-Catholic—one, for instance, of the two thousand clergy who signed, the other day, a declaration rejecting in advance episcopal discipline. The teacher whom he, in effect, appoints may be of the same type as the "London Headmaster" who writes in the *CHURCH TIMES* of June 15th:—

"The Church schools—properly run—provide the 'atmosphere' in which the Faith can grow. It is not a question of the actual teaching that may take place. It is the whole influence of the place in which the children live. . . . The Elementary Schools are actually much more powerful than the Church. They have the children, body and soul, for ten years of their life, and for twenty-seven hours every week."

In the system of 1870 the better-to-do local laity had some control over the Church schools, because their subscriptions were required to pay about a third of the expenses of the school (including the salaries of the teachers). Now, with the exception of occasional sums for repairs, the schools are maintained out of the rates, and the children of a "single-school district" are compelled by law to attend a school controlled by an incumbent who may be a fanatical propagandist of a religion which, perhaps, less than 1 per cent. of his parishioners accept. And, since mechanical transport makes it almost impossible for young children to cross with safety the main streets of great towns, more and more of the urban islands of houses are becoming "single-school districts."

Surely the time has come when sensible people will be forced to consider the possibility of a new educational settlement, corresponding to the facts, not of 1870, but of 1928.—Yours, &c.,

GRAHAM WALLAS.

38, St. Leonard's Terrace, S.W.3.

CENSORSHIP AND THE TIMES BOOK CLUB

SIR,—I have been very interested in the references to Isadora Duncan's book in your paper. About ten days ago I also wrote to the manager of the *TIMES* Book Club and

received the same enclosure as your correspondent Mr. Hadyn Parry, with a curt letter saying that the manager preferred "not to discuss the point." Could anything be more unsatisfactory or weak than such an answer from the manager of what is supposed to be a first-class library when one of the subscribers makes a complaint and asks for an explanation? Libraries which make no fuss about "guaranteed subscriptions," such as Mudies and Harrods, are circulating the book.

It seems to me that if the manager has doubts about books that have had excellent reviews in nearly all the first-class papers, he should put them into circulation for guaranteed subscribers only, whilst withholding them from the ordinary and larger number of subscribers. Surely the same thing could also be done with some of the less expensive limited editions?

According to your paper, at least one subscriber to the *TIMES* Book Club has received Isadora Duncan's book. It would be interesting to know what grounds the manager has for favouring some of his subscribers above others, and whether he often does it. If we all pay equal subscriptions surely we have equal rights?—Yours, &c.,

MARJORIE I. BATTEN.

Moorlands, Woodham Road,
Horsell, Woking, Surrey.
June 16th, 1928.

O'CASEY AND THE ABBEY THEATRE

SIR,—In a comment upon the dispute between Sean O'Casey and the Abbey Theatre which appeared in *THE NATION* of June 16th, the writer exultingly slaps up the Abbey Theatre's majestic indifference to box office receipts, and the splendid way in which the Abbey Directorate "stoutly uphold the banner of the ideal and the unique."

He can take it from me that the Abbey Theatre is as fond of a "full house" as any theatre in London.

And has the writer of the comment seen every play that has been produced for the last few years at the Abbey Theatre? And, if he has not, why does he make a statement impregnable simply because it has been made by Mr. Yeats? The pole has been held aloft, right enough, but the banner has been very often flying at half-mast. Will the writer of the comment ask Mr. Yeats why there is a mystery surrounding the name of the writer of "Mr. Murphy's Island"? will he ask Mr. Yeats whether the author is ashamed or proud of the play, or whether it holds up to the heavens the banner of the unique and the ideal?

And if the writer of the comment knew what he was talking about, he would know that the play was not "resolutely turned down," and that the shiftiness of the whole proceeding was one of the factors that gave the author cause for complaint.

Your commentator's talk about the "paternal tone" and the "fostering care" of Mr. Yeats is drivel. The Abbey Theatre is not an orphanage for dramatists. And it may conceivably happen that, in some things, the son may know a little more than the father. A stupid thing said by Mr. Yeats (his contention that to write of war one must be cradled in a cannon is obviously stupid) does not become by a miracle a wise thing, and Mr. Yeats must be told this, and, if he be a sensible man, it will do him a lot of good.

So please publish this in your valuable journal, for "fiat justitia, ruat cælum," which is Gaelic, I think, for "if you share out justice, share it out all round."—Yours, &c.,

SEAN O'CASEY.

19, Woronzow Road, St. John's Wood,
London, N.W.8.

THE ROLE OF BUILDING SOCIETIES.

SIR,—Major Nathan deserves the thanks of all Building Society members for drawing attention to the work of the Building Society movement in his well-informed contribution which appears in the current issue of your journal.

The figures quoted in his article are instructive, and may perhaps be supplemented to advantage by the more recent statistics now available relating to the last financial year.

There has been a continued expansion in every department of Building Society activity, and during 1927 the amount advanced on mortgage reached the total of 55½ millions, bringing the total mortgages held by all Building Societies to 198 millions sterling and the combined assets to £223 millions. There was also an increase of 160,000 in membership.

Major Nathan, remembering the immense success of the movement, has made the interesting suggestion that the Building Society system might be given a wider application and be introduced to assist persons of small means in the purchase of property other than real estate. As he will readily agree, it is impossible for the modern Building Society, limited as it is by such strong legislation, to undertake work of this description. Nevertheless, the application of the co-operative principle, rather than that of private enterprise, is to be commended for the purpose of encouraging instalment purchase on the right lines. There is a point at which the hire-purchase system defeats its own ends by producing an element of risk greater than that which the average investor is prepared to face, but under the present mortgage system of building societies the risk of loss is rendered almost negligible, and any kindred organization to extend the principle would succeed only by assuring similar safety to the prospective investor.—Yours, &c.,

June 13th, 1928.

HAROLD BELLMAN.

JANE ELLEN HARRISON MEMORIAL

SIR,—The undersigned friends and colleagues of the late Jane Ellen Harrison wish to commemorate her name in Cambridge by offering to Newnham College, her home for twenty-six years, the endowment of an annual public Lectureship.

The variety of her contributions to learning and the remarkable range of her interests make it fitting that the lecture should be upon any one of the following subjects: Comparative Religion, Anthropology, Archaeology, and Classical, Oriental, or Slavonic Languages, treated by a scholar of any nationality, in such a way as to stimulate research and awaken a living interest in the problems.

It is proposed that the first lecture should be delivered at Newnham College in the Autumn of the present year. In future years it might occasionally be given at other English Universities. If enough money is collected a fund will also be formed to give occasional grants to Newnham Students for research abroad.

The Secretaries (Mrs. Hugh Stewart, Girton Gate, Cambridge, and Miss Agnes Conway, 47, Romney Street, Westminster, S.W.1) will be glad to receive suggestions as to the best way of carrying out the scheme, and subscriptions should be sent to the Treasurer (Lady Brooke, 3, Arkwright Road, N.W.3).—Yours, &c.,

R. C. BOSANQUET, Director, British School at Athens, 1900-6.

THEODORA BOSANQUET, Secretary, International Federation of University Women.

MARTIN CONWAY, M.P. for Combined English Universities.

ARTHUR BERNARD COOK, Reader in Classical Archaeology, Cambridge.

FRANCIS CORNFORD, Brereton Laurence Reader in Classics, Cambridge.

FRANZ CUMONT, Membre de l'Institut de France.

ARTHUR EVANS, Hon. Keeper and Visitor, Ashmolean Museum, Oxford.

JAMES G. FRAZER, O.M., Membre de l'Institut de France.

A. P. GOUDY, University Lecturer in Russian, Cambridge.

FREDERIC KENYON, Director and Principal Librarian, British Museum.

GUY LE STRANGE.

D. S. MACCOLL, formerly Keeper, Tate Gallery and Wallace Collection.

ELLIS H. MINNS, Disney Professor of Archaeology, Cambridge.

HOPE MIRRELES.

D. S. MIRSKY, Lecturer in Russian Literature, London University.

GILBERT MURRAY, Regius Professor of Greek, Oxford.

JOHN PENOYRE, Secretary for the Promotion of Hellenic Studies Society.

J. P. STRACHEY, Principal of Newnham College, Cambridge.

THE WORKS COUNCIL

SIR,—It is a pity that the reviewer of Mr. Guillebaud's book, "The Works Council: a German Experiment in Industrial Democracy," has failed to make the important point of the great difference between what we in England understand by a Works Council and what is meant by the German word "Betriebsrat," to which, unfortunately, the same name is usually given in translation, even by the International Labour Office, which ought to have known better. A Works Council to us is a body on which representatives of the management and the manual and other workers meet. The German Betriebsrat is a joint council of representatives of the manual and non-manual workers, in contradistinction to the Arbeiterrat, consisting of manual workers only. The representatives of the German workers, who have now accepted the Betriebsrat, reject the "Whitley Council" idea as compromising the independent attitude of the workers, and those leaders who understand English object to our use of words with a "Whitley" connotation to describe their councils. For lack of a better translation, we adopted at Amsterdam, in the International Federation of Trade Unions, the expression "Factory Council," and this will be found in the I.F.T.U.'s publications as the translation of Betriebsrat.

The question is not merely one of translation; it is one of understanding which of two forms of industrial democracy is under discussion.—Yours, &c.,

WINIFREDE T. THOMPSON.

The Penn Club, 9, Tavistock Square, W.C.1.

June 3rd, 1928.

LADY MARGARET HALL, OXFORD

SIR,—Lady Margaret Hall, founded a few months before Somerville College, and thus the oldest of the women's colleges in Oxford, is about to celebrate its jubilee. Bishop Talbot, Dr. Henry Scott Holland, Bishop Paget, Dr. Spooner of New College, Mr. Arthur Butler (Josephine Butler's brother-in-law), and Mrs. Arthur Johnson were among its founders. Dame Elizabeth Wordsworth was its first Principal. She it was who suggested that the Hall should be named after Margaret Countess of Richmond, the mother of Henry VII. and a benefactor both to Oxford and Cambridge. The Hall has borne a wise and influential part in the movement for the higher education of women. Those whom it has trained have shown public spirit and vigorous initiative. Many have attained great intellectual distinction. Among its students have been Gertrude Bell, Maude Royden, Mrs. J. L. Hammond, and Helen Waddell, the author of "The Wandering Scholars." Four others have been or are Principals of other women's societies in Oxford. The younger generation promises to reach the same level of achievement. Within the last six years eleven University Prizes, including the Newdigate twice, have been awarded to students from Lady Margaret Hall. The Hall needs further endowments—for scholarships, for bursaries for poor students, and for the promotion of research. A new library, a new dining-hall, and £30,000 for the redemption of debt are also required. With relatively small resources, thriftily used, the Hall has accomplished much. It now asks the friends of education to give to it resources comparable to those of the colleges for men. Donations to the Fund should be sent to the Principal, Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford.—Yours, &c.,

M. E. SADLER.

The Master's Lodgings,
University College, Oxford.

SEX AND THE POLICEMAN

By WINIFRED HOLTBY.

WE are celebrating the centenary of Josephine Butler not inappropriately by a thorough awakening of national interest in the public aspects of sexual morality. We have been shocked by the Savidge case; indignant over the arrest of Miss O'Malley; uneasy about the two Scottish attempts to revive compulsory treatment for venereal disease; agitated by the controversy concerning public teaching about Birth Control; interested in the sessions of the Home Office Committee on Street Offences; perturbed by the revelations of Miss Mayo in India and Judge Lindsey in America; impatient over the delay in raising the statutory Age of Marriage; and enthusiastic over the action of the League of Nations against the International Traffic in Women. Yet we do not seem to realize that this final action lends an entirely new importance to our other preoccupations. The convention on the Traffic in Women goes no further than to admit that international commerce in women for purposes of prostitution is a crime; but by going so far it creates a precedent of immense significance. It establishes the first clause in a minimum code of sexual morality to be observed in all civilized nations. Undoubtedly there will be further developments. We are unlikely to stop at a single principle.

If the theories governing our laws about public morality were simply our own concern, we should do well to clear our minds about them, much as we dislike definition of general principles. But when it appears that we can no longer limit the responsibility for our actions to our own nation, it is even more necessary that we should take stock of our existing practice. Granted that we do not believe that men can be made good by Act of Parliament; granted that we learn to place increasing trust in educational methods of individual reform; granted that our private judgments upon sexual morality vary from the Puritan standard of the devout Nonconformist citizen, to the almost equally devout libertarianism of those who, like Dr. Norman Haire, believe that boys and girls would do best to mate at sixteen and thenceforward live a complete sexual life; yet it is obvious that certain actions surmount the barriers of our private differences, and present themselves as matters for public intervention. In a nominally democratic State, directly we permit the invasion of the policeman into the private ground of personal morality, we can no longer disclaim a certain responsibility for the theories justifying that invasion. "The Law," said Hobbes, "is the public conscience." By what principles is that conscience stirred? We read the evidence before the Home Office Committee on Street Offences; we read the parliamentary debates upon the Edinburgh Corporation Bill; the discussions of the Portsmouth Labour Conference upon public instruction in methods of contraception; and we come to the conclusion that we really do not know what we want.

It is important that we make up our minds, at least to a minimum standard of what is tolerable, because, whether we like it or not, we are committed to some kind of action. We have before us Lord Parmoor's Traffic in Women Bill, the Home Office promise to raise the age of marriage, the Committee on Street Offences at present considering its burden of somewhat confused and bewildering evidence, the Tribunal appointed to inquire into the action of the police in interrogating Miss Irene Savidge, and the pressure by Edinburgh and Glasgow for parliamentary permission to examine, detain, and treat persons suspected to be suffering from venereal disease. We shall only scratch

the surface of any reforms required of us along these lines unless before dealing with them we make up our minds to answer publicly two or three questions which already some of us have answered privately, but upon which our laws still give us no clear direction.

Are we or are we not prepared to embody in our common law an equal moral standard for both sexes? No revision of our law concerning street offences can be effective which continues to obscure this issue. Witnesses before the Home Office Committee realized this, yet seemed reluctant to acknowledge it. The Chief Constable of Manchester admitted that in his city—one with a good record in these matters—magistrates followed the practice common to both England and Scotland, and required evidence of soliciting by a man from a woman witness, but not of soliciting by a woman from a man; giving as his reason that it does not seriously affect a prostitute to be convicted of solicitation, but that it would ruin a man. Lord Balfour of Burleigh was questioned upon the Public Places (Order) Bill which he introduced into the House of Lords and which places offences of annoyance by soliciting committed by men or women on the same footing. Certain members of the Committee obviously doubted his sincerity in regarding the Bill as a practical proposal. "The Committee will agree," said Lord Balfour, "that an equal moral standard is desirable. The question is, whether it is possible. If so, we must get rid of the existing law."

But is it possible? This would seem to be a question for the moralists. A second question, often confused with the former though really quite different, is rather a question for the scientists. Is some form of prostitution necessary? Mr. R. Ross, Chief Constable of Edinburgh, told the Committee that if the words "common prostitute" were removed from the law, and, apparently, the prostitute herself from the streets, "you remove one of the main safeguards of the virtuous woman." But if the prostitute is indeed the protector of virtue, why is she not honoured for her necessary and noble work? Witnesses seemed to suffer from some confusion. One admitted that the institution was necessary yet would wish to "turn prostitutes off the streets"; another referred to diseased prostitutes as "dangerous animals." Obviously if the healthy prostitute is a desirable member of society, we are foolish to oppose, as we have opposed at Geneva and elsewhere, State toleration of vice, the establishment of licensed brothels, and the compulsory inspection and medical treatment of prostitutes.

On the other hand, if the prostitute is unnecessary, then one of two things would appear to follow. Either men and women may live healthily in chastity or within the legitimate confines of monogamous marriage, or else some form of legitimized temporary partnership is desirable.

We appear to be singularly poor in our evidence of the former possibility; the latter has been suggested by several witnesses before the Home Office Committee, who agreed that public order had improved through the intervention of the "amateur." Judge Lindsey's picture of modern American youth confirms it for another continent; many of our contemporary novelists imply it for this country. If indeed men and women, freed by birth control from the unwilling conception of children, are living together as a common habit, should we not do well to recognize some form of "Companionate Marriage"?

If we agree that certain actions are anti-social, however, upon what are we to base our definition of crime? Shall we prosecute only for offences which cause public annoyance? At present in this country, as in New York and other States, we punish sodomy and unnatural vice which may affect only two co-operating persons, or even one. The Savidge case arose out of an arrest for an

indecent action which, even if it had been committed, took place in the twilight and without other witnesses than the police investigator, and which could therefore have caused no public annoyance, since the guilty parties might have been supposed to perform it for their pleasure, and the policeman saw only what he had gone forth to see.

If, indeed, we must set up the police as guardians of public morals, are we sure that we are recruiting the force from among the right people? It was Mr. Forbes Lancaster, K.C., Metropolitan Police Magistrate, who said, not long ago, "I yield to no one in my admiration of the way in which the police discharge their primary duty to the public in the protection and defence of the life and property of His Majesty's subjects, but I do not regard them as ideal custodians of public morality, and the sooner they are relieved of their duties in this respect, the better it will be for their own reputation and the safety of women lawfully using the public streets."

The guardianship of sexual morality is a highly difficult, delicate, and controversial duty. For such a task, honesty and conscientiousness are not enough. We need for it human insight, judgment and experience in no small degree, some scientific knowledge, and very great powers of discrimination and good sense. Are we prepared to recruit, train, and pay such guardians adequately? If not, what do we really expect of our policemen?

What, indeed, are we going to do about the whole business? Let us, as Mrs. Ray Strachey tells us, "face the facts" by all means; but it is also desirable that we should face our theories.

MUSIC

THE TRIPLE BILL AT THE COURT THEATRE

THE second phase of Mr. Johnstone-Douglas's interesting season of light opera in English at the Court Theatre was inaugurated on Tuesday, June 12th, with the presentation of a triple bill consisting of "The Shepherds of the Delectable Mountains," by Vaughan Williams; "The Puppet Show of Master Pedro," by de Falla; and "The Faithful Sentinel," by Schubert.

The first-named is ostensibly based upon an episode in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," but a comparison of the text of the opera with the original shows that considerable liberties have been taken by the composer. Musicians, however, have always been notoriously unscrupulous in utilizing literary masterpieces for their own purposes, and in this particular case the general feeling and atmosphere of the original have been sufficiently preserved, both in the text and in the music, to justify us in acquitting the composer of the heinous crime of *lèse-littérature*. The music is, for the most part, of the type that we have come to expect from Vaughan Williams as a matter of course, consisting largely of modal melodies based alternately on the idioms of English folk-song and on those of Gregorian chant, and harmonized with common chords in which the constituent parts move entirely by conjunct motion. It is difficult to decide whether to approve or condemn this composer's complacent acceptance of such a restricted technical vocabulary, and his seeming immunity from the malady of restless dissatisfaction with traditional means which is characteristic of most modern artists. It can equally well be regarded as a sign of strength or as a sign of weakness, according to one's point of view. It is at least certain, however, that within his narrow limits Vaughan Williams is an accomplished master, and that the present specimen of his work will bear favourable comparison with anything he has yet produced.

De Falla's work is similarly based upon a great literary masterpiece, and is, indeed, merely the literal transcription and dramatization of the seventy-eighth chapter of Don Quixote—a subject so admirably adapted to musical treat-

ment that one is surprised that no previous composer seems to have made use of it. De Falla's music is in perfect keeping throughout, and the scoring is particularly skilful. One feels, however, as with all this composer's work, that, while it is invariably pleasant to listen to and technically interesting, it lacks character to a great extent, and is apt to pass without leaving any very definite impression behind. It is thoroughly good fun, nevertheless, and constitutes a most agreeable half-hour's entertainment.

The third and longest item on the programme consists of a very free arrangement of "Der Vierjährige Post," one out of five operas—to say nothing of two symphonies, one string quartet, three piano sonatas, two masses, about 150 songs, and other miscellaneous works—written by Schubert in the course of a single year. The orchestral score, moreover, amounting to over a hundred pages, was completed in less than a week. Under such conditions of creation it would obviously be absurd to expect an immortal masterpiece, even from Schubert. "Der Vierjährige Post," in short, is only an exceedingly naïve and perfunctory little production, redeemed from insignificance solely by the fertility and spontaneity of Schubert's melodic invention, and by an occasional happy touch of orchestration. In its original published form it would stand no chance of survival on the stage to-day; hence the drastic revision to which it has been subjected in the present version. Apart, however, from the question of how far such a proceeding is justified—and, personally speaking, I am inclined to be a purist in such matters, holding that a work should either be performed as it is written or not performed at all—I hardly think that in the present case it has been successful, if indeed it ever can be. The changes have been carried out in too half-hearted a fashion, with the result that the revised version is only a little less jejune and insipid than the original.

The standard of performance in all three works, both vocal and instrumental, attained to a high level of efficiency, and reflected great credit on all concerned. Particularly noteworthy were the renderings of Messrs. Steuart Wilson and Johnstone-Douglas in the first, of Mr. Arthur Cranmer in the second, and of Miss Dorothy Silk in the third. The enterprise as a whole deserves unqualified support.

CECIL GRAY.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

MISS REBECCA WEST, a very competent maker of novels, and Mr. Van Druten, a highly efficient constructor of plays, have between them made rather a mess of "The Return of the Soldier" (at the Playhouse). No doubt the dramatization of a novel is nearly always apt to fail owing to the differing treatment of time in a novel and a play. On this particular occasion, as so often, crises were precipitated with unconvincing violence before the onlooker had time to get either accustomed to or interested in the characters. We therefore sat looking at a ghastly domestic situation without in the least minding what happened to the protagonists. Probably the crisis could only be made significant by the excellence of the writing. The psychology seemed to me unconvincing, and the catastrophe, brought about by an absurd psycho-analytical doctor, impossible. Othello is perhaps not very convincing in theme and "All's Well that Ends Well" preposterous in its *dénouement*, but the situation is carried off by poetry. The realistic, rather dingy dialogue of "The Return of the Soldier" always prevented the situation becoming sufficiently tense to carry one along. In fact, "The Return of the Soldier" raises in an acute form all those problems connected with the nature of art. In general, it may be laid down that the grander the theme the grander must be the treatment. "The Return of the Soldier" broke this elementary law.

To visit the Maddermarket Theatre is always a pleasure, but one may fairly complain of having to go all the way to Norwich to see that modern masterpiece "The Pleasure Garden." This play, unless I mistake, has been

given in London only once or twice, and then at Sunday performances, yet Mrs. Mayor has been recognized for what she is—one of the half-dozen living dramatists who count—not only in Scandinavia, Holland, and Germany, but in France. Indeed, it was M. Maurois who first put this author in her place, alongside Mrs. Woolf and Mr. Forster, as one of the younger English writers who have contributed seriously to European art. "The Pleasure Garden" belongs to that class of drama which we used to reckon peculiarly our own; it is pure imaginative comedy. It is not a matter of jokes and epigrams, but of an imaginative conception growing as naturally into a comedy as a seed grows into a flower. To be quite frank, the Maddermarket players failed to understand it. Probably these gifted and serious amateurs, who excel in Elizabethan tragedy, found the quiet subtleties and low tones of Mrs. Mayor's comedy impossible to render. The essence of the play being that there are no crises, no climax, no dramatic moments, that the picture has always the air of turning into monochrome which is always being relieved by almost imperceptible shades of colour, it is necessary that the players should never lose for a moment the rhythm of its slow, hesitating movement. That the players and producer should have failed pretty often, getting out of time and even dropping a bar or two, is neither surprising nor discreditable. Only whenever they did get out of time the play fell flat, and the beauty of the play is that it is never flat. Only the gentleman who played the student seems to have understood this.

If "Marjolaine," now running at the Gaiety, had been written throughout as light opera it might have provided an entertainment of considerable charm. The story of Mr. Louis N. Parker's "Pomander Walk," the play on which it is based, was quite effective in its rather commonplace way, and a good musical setting would have removed it just far enough from reality to please the ear without irritating the mind. Mr. Hugo Felix's music is certainly pleasing, and at times distinctive, but the librettists seem to have been unable to make up their minds whether to write opera or musical comedy, and the result is by no means arresting. Just as one is beginning to be carried away by the passages of recitative, they switch off on to the dullest of musical comedy dialogue, completely lacking in character or literary quality. They have the merit of sticking to their plot, which is more than one can say for most of their confrères, and they do spare us the customary anachronisms and topical allusions, but they have failed utterly to blend the two forms. There is some excellent singing from Miss Lilian Davies, Miss Ethel Hook, and Mr. Robert Geddes, but the last two are not equal to the acting demands of their parts. Mr. Oscar Asche plays a toast-master turned gentleman, and gives every indication of his power to amuse if he had been given anything amusing to say. The scene, Chiswick Mall in 1805, is aggressively realistic, but not unpleasant, and the same may be said of the dresses.

On the second night of "Nju," the present production at the Gate Theatre Studio, I overheard this scrap of conversation: "Symbolism, is it? Well, what's it symbolical of? What does it mean?" "Oh, I don't think it means anything, dear. It's just symbolism, you know." "Well, if you ask me, it's twaddle." "You may be right, dear, but I do love this sort of show." I am not enough of a highbrow to know what the play was all about, nor enough of a lowbrow not to be able to appreciate the very fine acting of Mr. Peter Godfrey, Mr. Raymond Huntley, and Miss Beatrix Lehmann, even if I had no idea what they were driving at, nor, I hope, enough of a no-brow to dismiss the whole thing as worthless merely because its intent, if any, escaped me; but I must confess to a certain sympathy with these sentiments expressed by my neighbours. Some time ago the Film Society showed a film of the same play, and this, if I remember rightly, was a perfectly straightforward eternal-triangle story, interesting only because of the intricate detail of its treatment, and because of the acting of Jannings, Veidt, and Bergner. Is there more in the play than met my eye? Or should my

eye be coupled with the egregious but often comforting Miss Betty Martin? There was, literally, no applause at the end of the performance.

The performance of "Hiawatha" at the Albert Hall takes the spectator straight back to the reign of our good and gracious Queen. The scenery was of a world before the Russian Ballet, the music showed nothing later than an uncertain acquaintance with the early Wagner, and the words of Longfellow matched it admirably in their happy want of artifice or anxiety. If you do not demand sophistication or unnecessary variety, you can be quite content in watching a well-trained chorus mass and scatter before a huge backcloth reminiscent of the covers of the C.P.R. pamphlets for tourists (the C.P.R. do these things very well), and hearing Longfellow and Coleridge-Taylor reiterate throughout the evening, the one that he has learnt some Red Indian names, the other his discovery of the notes of an Indian hunting call, in the intervals of prancing on the common chord. It is possible that their common naïveté might have been a little less obvious had the music been a little more unscrupulously conducted. But Dr. Sargent adhered faithfully to the duty of interpreting his composer; and the interpretation was perfectly clear. There are three climaxes in the composition: the well-known song "Onaway, awake, beloved," well sung by Mr. Leer after a rather husky start; the burial of Minnehaha, with Mr. Horace Stevens, as Hiawatha, singing the solo; and the spring ballet, when Madame Lopokova brought in an incongruous sense of something hid behind the ranges that no one else knew. The chorus singing was on a high level and the incidental ballets graceful and attractive.

If any lover of the arts misses Mr. John Skeaping's drawings and sculptures which are on exhibition at the Beaux Arts Gallery in Bruton Place until the end of the month, he will have lost an experience for which weeks of toilsome Bond Street gallerizing will not compensate him. The majority of the drawings, mostly black chalks and dry points, are of tropical fauna, armoured rhinos that call the mind back to Durer, but are very Skeaping; antelopes caught in the most secret expression of their tender wildness; felines darkly burning in their play of limb and elongated eyes; primitive abandon of dancing cranes; toucans shouting "tocano" as they did at spectacled Bates when he captured one of them in the Amazonian gloom—and then old Knacker's horses grazing with an inimitable sense of harsh pilgrimage overpast and a quiet evening of their days. These drawings are in the great tradition of naturalistic animal portraiture: the beasts ahead are the Cro-Magnon's vision; the Egyptian geese and hoopoes step after them from the tombs of the Valley of the Kings; then Durer's, now Skeaping's. They are obviously the work of an artist who is primarily a sculptor, and that is perhaps what gives them an extraordinary life in density of form. Naturalistic they are, but every animal is of the artist's plastic imagination of nature, never a transplantation of nature into artistic being. The same is true of the sculptures. Here is the artist summoning the imprisoned form from the matrix of the block and removing the impediments to its final expression. Just as Aaron struck the rock with his staff, so Mr. Skeaping's scalpel seems to tap the sleeping Portland stone, serpentine marble, or terra cotta and say, "Come forth," horse, cat, boy, or bird. Each statue is like a story of Genesis, so perfectly does form emerge from material.

Things to see and hear in the coming week:—

Saturday, June 23rd.—

Lily West, Pupils' Pianoforte Recital, Wigmore Hall, 8.

Sunday, June 24th.—

Mr. W. Haslam Mills on "Some Changes in the Family and Private Life of England," South Place, 11.

Dr. Walter Walsh on "If a Man die, shall he live again?" Lindsey Hall, Notting Hill Gate, 11.

"The Comic Artist," by the Play Actors, at the Strand Theatre.

Monday, June 25th.—

M. Serge Diaghileff's Season of Russian ballet begins at His Majesty's.

Guy Baron, Pianoforte Recital, Æolian Hall, 8.15.

Film—"The Nibelungs," at the Avenue Pavilion.

Mr. Arthur Ponsonby on "Recollections of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman," the wireless, 9.15.

Ibsen's "John Gabriel Borkman," at the Q. Theatre.

Tuesday, June 26th.—

Cimarosa's Comic Opera "The Secret Marriage," at the Court (June 26th-July 7th).

Anne Thursfield, Recital, Wigmore Hall, 5.30.

Athos Vassilakis, Pianoforte Recital, Grottrian Hall, 3.

"Samson and the Philistines," by Mr. Sven Lange, at the Little (International Theatre Production).

Wednesday, June 27th.—

Mr. L. B. Beale on "The Work of a British Trade Commissioner," the wireless, 7.

Thursday, June 28th.—

Joan Fry, Pianoforte Recital, Æolian Hall, 8.15.

Friday, June 29th.—

Emory Male Voice Glee Club, Æolian Hall, 8.15.

OMICRON.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

THE ATHENÆUM, JUNE 25TH, 1828.

MADEMOISELLE MARS

THE exterior of Mademoiselle Mars is extremely beautiful; her figure is elegant, her deportment noble, and her physiognomy has a soft and interesting turn of expression, which, however, becomes forcible and energetic, when deep and powerful emotions agitate her frame. Her eyes are lively and expressive, and are capable of giving the force either of the most violent emotions, or of the most tender and delicate sentiments. Her gestures are graceful without being excessively multiplied; and we may say of her hands, that they possess a grace and beauty peculiarly their own. Her articulation is the most correct, varied, elegant, and persuasive, and at the same time the most pure, that we have ever heard.

OPERAS.

COURT (Sloane 5137). 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30. LIGHT OPERA IN ENGLISH.

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June 26th to July 7th. "THE SECRET MARRIAGE." By Cimarosa.

THEATRES.

ALDWYCH. (Gerrard 2304.)

TUESDAY NEXT, at 8.

Subs., 8.15. First Mat., Friday, June 29th, at 2.30.

"PLUNDER." A New Farce, by Ben Travers.

TOM WALLS, Mary Brough, RALPH LYNN.

DRURY LANE. (Ger. 2587.) 8.15 precisely. Wed., Sat., 2.30 precisely.

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DUKE OF YORK'S. EVENINGS, 8.30. Mats., Mon. & Thurs., 2.30.

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"REVUE AT ITS BEST."—*The Star*

GAIETY. (Ger. 2780.)

EVGS., 8.15. Mats., Wed., Thurs., 2.15.

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"MARJOLAINE."

LILLIAN DAVIES.

OSCAR ASCHE.

THEATRES.

GARRICK. (Gerr. 8513.)

NIGHTLY, at 8.30.

Matinees, Wednesday and Thursday, 2.30.

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LITTLE. TUESDAY NEXT, 8.45.

First Matinee, Thursday, 2.30.

The International Theatre presents

"SAMSON AND THE PHILISTINES."

ION SWINLEY.

OLGA LINDO.

LYRIC THEATRE. Hammersmith.

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MATINEES, WED. & SAT., at 2.30.

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ROYALTY. (Ger. 2690.)

EVGS., 8.30.

Mats., Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.

BARRY JACKSON presents

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A New Comedy by JOHN DRINKWATER.

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FRANK LAWTON.

FRANCES DOBLE.

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FAY COMPTON.

"OTHER MEN'S WIVES." By Walter Hackett.

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June 25th, 26th and 27th. ADOLPHE MENJOU and Kathryn Carver in "SERVICE FOR LADIES"; "INTERVIEWING WILD ANIMALS" personally presented by Ratcliffe Holmes.

June 28th, 29th and 30th. MARY CHRISTIANS in "OUT OF THE MIST"; GEORGE WALSH in "THE PRINCE OF BROADWAY"; MINA LEON'S IMPERIAL TRIO in Vocal Harmony; also MILLE DORIA'S DOGS.

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THE WORLD OF BOOKS

ENGLISH PROSE

"ENGLISH PROSE STYLE," by Herbert Read (Bell, 9s.), is one of those rare books of literary criticism which give the mind something really substantial to chew. The interpretative, the personal, or biographical critic is not to be despised, but severely intellectual criticism impelled by an æsthetic theory is so uncommon in English that it deserves a more than ordinary welcome. Mr. Read's book has two great merits by no means common to its class. It is intelligent and it is impersonal. Intelligence is a blessing which the gods have given sparingly to all ages: the itch of their own personalities is a disease which afflicts the critics of to-day with peculiar virulence, and I frequently open (and hastily close) some new book in which it is immediately obvious that the writer is in a state of frantic irritation, highly contagious to the reader. The irritation is due to suppressed—and usually incompetently suppressed—egoism, and the critic breaks out into a horrid rash of jargon and theory the object of which is to "score off" some other writer, living or dead. What a relief it is to find a critic like Mr. Read who, for a whole book, can forget that he is himself a writer and thus can devote himself impersonally to the pursuit of truth.

* * *

Books which pursue truth are not often easy reading, and Mr. Read does not let us off lightly. He writes clearly, and he has taken a great deal of trouble to discover his own meaning and to explain it to other people, but the nature of prose style is a difficult subject. He treats it from two points of view and divides his book into two parts. The first he calls "Composition," or the objective use of language. Here he deals with the use of words, epithets, and metaphors; the function of the sentence and the paragraph; the pattern of paragraphs which constitutes the arrangement of the whole work. This part is full of admirable analysis and acute observations. For instance, I can remember no book which gives a better exposition of the relation between the sentence and the paragraph, and of the subtle connection between the paragraph or paragraphical rhythm and prose style. One of the most fascinating things in Mr. Read's book is the quotations with which he has the good sense and courage always to test and illustrate his theories and judgments. Two quotations in this part of his book are particularly well chosen. He rightly insists upon the difference between the sentence rhythm and the paragraph rhythm, and adds: "We might, therefore, expect to find authors who, though perfect in the formation of their sentences, neglect the paragraph and its wider, all-embracing sweep. And this, indeed, is the case, and may be the explanation of some stylistic defect which at first we find hard to analyze." He then quotes a long passage from Mr. Santayana's "Reason in Society" and a short one from Emerson's "Essay on Friendship" to illustrate the defect. They showed me clearly the reason, which I had never quite understood, why I find it impossible to read either Mr. Santayana or Emerson except in very small doses, and even then with great fatigue. Mr. Santayana's sentences are often admirable and admirably rhythmic; but each is a rhythmic unit complete in itself; it never forms part of "a more sustained rhythm." The consequence is that the reader's attention is always being brought to a full stop with a just not imperceptible jolt, and then is started again on a swing which immediately

ends on a similar jolt. In Emerson the jolt is even more perceptible, because the sentence rhythm is less gentle and flowing. Here we have positively to jump from one sentence to the other, and the reader's mind soon becomes so tired that it can no longer follow the writer's train of thought.

* * *

The second part of the book deals with what Mr. Read calls Rhetoric or the subjective use of language, which, he says, is persuasive in intention. Here he is really classifying and analyzing the different kinds of prose style, and it is perhaps a pity that he applies to this extremely wide aspect of his subject a term which ordinarily has a much narrower significance. He classifies styles under eight categories. This all sounds rather academic and scholastic, and indeed those who like embroidery and picturesqueness and the human note in criticism must keep away from Mr. Read. But there is nothing really dry-as-dust in his speculations. Their value depends upon the fact that his classification is based upon a subtle and sensitive analysis of the psychology of literary composition. The various styles are, in his view, the result of the combination in the writer's mind of Logic, Speculation, Emotion, or Character with either Thought or Sensibility. Thus, to take a single pair, if one speculates with thought, Mr. Read says, one produces fantasy, and he finds examples in Southey's "Three Bears" and in Remizov; but if one speculates with sensibility, one produces the imagery which he illustrates by a long quotation from Mr. Lawrence's "The White Peacock." This framework of æsthetic psychology allows him to give an extremely interesting analysis of various prose styles. In the process we get some admirable literary criticism, and also, naturally, some literary judgments with which not everyone will agree. My only objection is that the analysis and the categories are, if anything, over-subtle. For instance, I find some difficulty in clearly grasping the distinction between Mr. Read's Imagery and Intelligence. Even *a priori* it is not easy to see how the product of speculation and sensibility will differ from the product of emotion and thought, and when Mr. Read comes to his explanation through concrete examples he rather increases one's embarrassment. To express an emotion in definite terms, he says rightly, is the central problem of literary art, and he goes on to say that to organize the expression of emotion into a persuasive structure is the particular problem of the Intelligence. But I do not see that this gives us any essential difference between the psychological origin of Mr. Lawrence's style and that of those whom Mr. Read quotes as representing the Intelligence. Surely Mr. Lawrence, in so far as he is successful, is organizing the expression of emotion into a persuasive structure. And my doubts are confirmed, from the other end, by the first two passages which Mr. Read quotes to illustrate Intelligence. The passage from De Quincey's "English Opium Eater," beginning "I thought it was a Sunday morning in May," and the passage from Donne's Sermon might, it seems to me, have been given with equal appositeness as examples of Imagery. Particularly of Donne would it be appropriate to use the very words which Mr. Read applies to Mr. Lawrence: "By means of decoration the essential density is achieved."

LEONARD WOOLF.

REVIEWS

"A. L."

Arthur Lionel Smith: *Master of Balliol*. By his Wife. (Murray. 15s.)

THIS, as far as it goes, is a good biography. "Perhaps," says the author, "I ought not to write this, but it is true." "I must," she says again, "be honest in this record, or it will be valueless." Obviously an intelligent and outspoken woman. She was, for instance, never "really happy" in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Humphry Ward: they made her feel self-conscious: she was never, with them, "at her best." "And," she adds, "I must have had 'a best,' because, with certain people, I became unconscious of self and therefore happy and natural and able to talk about things that interested me." Certainly Mrs. A. L. Smith (a most formidable lady to my recollection) had, and has, "her best." It was frank, and combative, and somewhat managing, and rather critical, and very kind. She was not without her asperities (even in this gentle biography there is a sudden and not unwelcome lunge at Elizabeth in her German Garden): she resented social conventions: she was, she admits, "a bad caller": but she loved simple and honest things, and fallen women, and distressed babies, and the beach at Bamburgh. Then she is modest. "It struck me," she writes, "that she (Lady Arthur Russell) was one of the people who perhaps wondered why A. L. had married me." A wise and charming old lady looking back upon a wise and charming life. Much sincerity is thereby given to what, with characteristic modesty, she calls "my somewhat gossip record." Mrs. Smith has no cause to be modest: she has written a simple and straightforward biography of a straightforward, but not very simple, man. And she has written it well.

In the foreground of this "happy and natural" book looms the figure of the Master of Balliol. His friends, we may suspect, may feel that Mrs. Smith has been too sparing of her colour, too much afraid of hagiography, too modest, too diffident. They will feel, and rightly, that the Master was a far more imposing personage than that. I do not wholly endorse this criticism. There was no swagger about A. L.: he would have much disliked any portentous cenotaph. His influence, his actual work, require no apotheosis. It is merely his personality which (to those who looked at him from a distance and with awe) requires explanation. And Mrs. A. L. Smith has given us this explanation in a very simple and downright manner. She might, had she been less honest and intelligent, have made a muddle of her book; but she has not made a muddle.

There are, inevitably, several questions which will assail the captious. There is that business, for instance, about pastors and masters "unlocking the keys" of undergraduate hearts. That, of course, is largely rubbish. The public-school seedling is planted out in university soil, struggles outward from his ungainly seed-pod, finds wider and richer earth, grows roots and fibres. This inevitable growth is attributed by himself and others to the subtle genius of his instructor, who just happened to be there. I do not think (and Mrs. A. L. Smith does not claim) that A. L. was anything very outstanding as a potting shed for the ordinary youth. He was excellent with the exhibition irises: excellent with any warped or stunted shoots: but he was indifferent to the herbaceous plants, and the vegetables left him cold. He believed so passionately in his own interpretation of the Balliol spirit, that any alternative interpretation of that excellent stimulus appeared to him as ridiculous and evil. His doctrine was that of plain living and high thinking, but in weaker hands this doctrine is apt to degenerate into airs without graces. My own confidence in Balliol and its future is coloured by mists of gratitude. But, though enamoured, I am not wholly blind. I recognize that A. L. was rather bothered by the Jowett tradition, that it was only by dint of Bermondsey clubs and community singing that he brought it into line with Dr. Arnold and into line with 1918. Balliol is what might be called a "mixed" college, and in the distant Jowett days the cement which unified this diversity was the cement of success. Balliol men, whether from Eton or from Tillicoultry, "got on." The Eton boys became Viceroy or Cabinet Ministers: the

others became Civil Servants or dons. It was all very imperial and progressive. This is well enough so long as we rule a great many very subject races. But what about to-morrow? There may be some who question whether, for the needs of to-morrow, there may not be a little too much bump and rump about Balliol, a little too much hockey and the Master's Field. Such degenerates do not actually mention Cambridge, nor do they allow their loyal minds to dwell on King's. But they feel, at moments, that more and even more humanism is required: they would like, for once, to see the Balliol Common-Room laughing at a really bad joke. A. L. had some suspicion of all this: hockey obscured his vision; but he was a great man, and his widow has written a book about him which will merit much appreciation.

HAROLD NICOLSON.

NEW NOVELS

The Childermass. Section I. By WYNDHAM LEWIS. (Chatto & Windus. 8s. 6d.)

The Island of Captain Sparrow. By S. FOWLER WRIGHT. (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.)

Home to Harlem. By CLAUDE MCKAY. (Harpers. 7s. 6d.)

Quicksand. By NELLA LARSEN. (Knopf. 7s. 6d.)

Black Sparta. By NAOMI MITCHISON. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)

Against the Sun. By GODFREY ELTON. (Constable. 7s. 6d.)

Comfortless Memory. By MAURICE BARING. (Heinemann. 6s.)

The One and the Other. By RICHARD CURLE. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)

The River Pirate. By CHARLES FRANCIS COE. (Putnam. 7s. 6d.)

The Magic Mountain. By THOMAS MANN. (Secker. 7s. 6d.)

If the two subsequent sections of "The Childermass" are as long as the first, the novel will rival "Ulysses" in scale: in scope it is far wider. Until the rest of the book appears any criticism of it can be only provisional. This first section makes more difficult reading than almost any book I know; in fact, I can make nothing of it. Mr. Wyndham Lewis may answer, in the style of Dr. Johnson, that he can provide me with arguments but is unable to furnish me with an understanding; yet he seems deliberately to have made the reader's task as difficult as possible. The Cockney dialect, for instance, is racy and correct, but recorded almost indecipherably. "Afer we'd argued where I bintomorrer oraddunthin or the day afternext—we didn't arf goatittammerantongs berleeve me!—I wasn't goin to letton I was kiddin not-then catchme! She sez waysheadd timewewasfirst manandwife—she was proper of stuff wasmyAddie—I dunno. . . ." There are whole pages of such writing. At other times we have this:—

"I'm as yewmrus as unerous and wot's the odds I'm a walrus-Christ ant Carpenter full of seabird-girlsoblobber and lunchcounter lacrymosishes and highschoolgirlish high-fellafaloot, a bit of Bacon annegst, neggst course ant nutter, an a bit of Shaks peer—a few slices orf off that swan of Avon that swan that was some swan—cut off the gristed wing next the flight-bone fer the highflights like eeguls—the pluckt het first, pleece, twitterlit peepers, knucklecales claws serpentlumber, crumbs comb and parsonsnose (who wasn't him? it muzzd be neck oder nudding and Shaks the bird that's cock of the dungpitch—muzzzzzzd haf him!—to make our shop clarssy ant Maaa chestick!) ant add narfter thort wilt?"

Does Mr. Lewis merely want to show that he can do it as well as Mr. Joyce? And even the ordinary narrative style is jagged, as if a tin-opener had been used on it. This is the result, I think, of the author's determination to stick to words that have life in them, not mere counters or hieroglyphs. Rich phrases result, but most of the time the reader is struggling over a ploughed field.

If the texture of the book is rebarbative, the design (so far as it has appeared) is incomprehensible. The scene is beyond the grave where the dead apply for admission to Heaven from a personage called the Bailiff. There are no women in the book, and the men are mostly homosexual. It is a sort of limbo in which most of the characters seem to have come straight from the Mardi Gras Ball at the Magic City. Though I have read the book carefully, I find it impossible to summarize the development. The characters continually change their size and age, they take journeys to and fro in time as well as in space, they are part of a nightmare to which recollections of Einstein, Joyce, and Plato have all contributed. Some of them, Alectryon, for instance, and

Macrob, speak comprehensibly from a fairly definite point of view; others, like Pullman, Satters, and the Bailiff himself, stand for nothing that I can recognize. Mr. Wyndham Lewis seems to have homosexuality on his brain—or his nerves—but he is more amusing than enlightening on the subject. He has much imagination, he is full of interesting ideas, he can write; but this book seems to show a positively pathological absence of all intellectual control. Evidently the artist should feel free to express himself as he wishes. But "The Childermass" appears an attempt to convey certain convictions. I suggest that it is, if not ill-mannered, at any rate incompetent, to put them in such a way that, with the best will in the world, the reasonably intelligent and well-educated reader cannot make out what the author is driving at. No doubt the book will have a great success among those whose admiration for a writer increases in proportion to their inability to understand what he is saying.

"The Island of Captain Sparrow" is a brilliant book. The setting is fantastic—a Pacific island inhabited by natives, descendants of pirates, satyrs and ostrich-like birds which work as gardeners. The author keeps his imagination in control and writes in a good matter-of-fact way about these creatures of his fancy. The story is exciting, and it is interspersed with terse, hard-headed, and agreeably disagreeable comments on human nature. I recommend Mr. Fowler Wright's book strongly, with the warning that the incidents in it are often disgusting and the thought behind it usually ruthless.

"Home to Harlem" is perhaps the novel I have enjoyed most of the new ones I have read this year; but even the professional reviewer has a weak spot for certain subjects. Some readers like blue lagoons, others the Yukon, some always fall for a circus, others for picturesque peasants. I happen to have a passion for negroes, and I recommend "Home to Harlem" chiefly to my fellow-enthusiasts. As literature it is inferior to "Sorrow and Sunlight," but that was a fantasy, and this is written by a negro: the picture it presents of negro life in New York is presumably realistic and authentic. Mr. Claude McKay writes of the less educated members of his race affectionately, but without illusion; he does not draw a moral, he is not superior. All the charm of the negro character is here, the unworldliness, vitality, directness, and divine spontaneity. These coloured people drink too much and make love too easily. But their hearts are open, they take no thought for the morrow, they are those to whom was promised the Kingdom of Heaven. Mr. McKay's book is always amusing and sometimes moving.

Miss Nella Larsen is, I believe, herself a Mulatto. She writes gravely and sometimes bitterly of the colour problem. Her heroine is at home with neither white nor coloured people. But at the end she succumbs, against all her conscious wishes, to the negro blood in her, with disastrous effects. This may be probable; Miss Larsen does not succeed in making it appear so. Her heroine is a prig, entirely lacking in just those qualities which one admires in Mr. McKay's characters; a person who makes the worst of both worlds, exciting pity but not sympathy; and the book supports, unintentionally no doubt, the repulsive and, I suspect, quite untrue theory that education takes away from the negro everything that makes him admirable and delightful.

"Black Sparta" is a collection of stories set in ancient Greece, together with poems in which the interesting experiment is attempted of putting the rhyme in the penultimate syllable of each line. It is odd that Herr Feuchtwanger and Herr Neumann should have success in England when a historical novelist as gifted as Mrs. Mitchison is comparatively neglected. The great difficulty of the genre is that human nature has never ceased changing. The Greeks were enormously different from us. If, recognizing this, you paint them from outside, the result is almost sure to be lifeless and boring. Mrs. Mitchison prefers to invest them with a consciousness akin to ours. I think the resulting picture is misleading, but it is not dull. Sometimes she comes dangerously near to the sentimental—in books about Greece one does not like that schoolgirl complexion—but she does succeed in making the pleasures and the miseries of her characters our own. Pindar's love for a victor whom he sang, Plato's renunciation of his dramatic ambitions, are among her subjects. Her chief concern is with sensitive human beings in conflict with the brutality of their time. Would our modern

enthusiasts for Athenian civilization really enjoy, one wonders, a life spent half in the army and half in the jury-box? Mrs. Mitchison's books must do more to make Greece real to her readers than all the schoolmasters in the world.

The jacket of "Against the Sun" is enough to prejudice any person of taste against it, yet it is a novel written by a cultivated person for his fellows. I do not think that Mr. Godfrey Elton is naturally gifted as a novelist, nor, incidentally, have I much sympathy with his point of view. But his book can be recommended to those who find their thoughts and tastes reflected weekly in the SPECTATOR.

"Comfortless Memory" is not up to Mr. Maurice Baring's usual level. He excels as a painter of the late Victorian and Edwardian scene, the world of house parties, Embassies, and comfortable culture. His new book is too purely psychological, and I do not think he has brought it off. The printing is slovenly and unworthy of the publishers.

"The One and the Other" is another cultivated novel, in a mildly Henry James manner, with a Conrad heroine and rather Dostoevsky incidents. The construction is deliberately artificial, the characters being moved from square to square like chessmen.

"The River Pirate" is a lively account in autobiographical form of the life of a professional burglar of ships' material on the River Manhattan. Police launches, reformatory schools, warehouses impending, cliff-like, over the river make thrilling "props." I, at any rate, find the book a great deal more interesting than the elaborate and tasteful novels reviewed above.

With great enterprise Mr. Secker has republished Thomas Mann's "The Magic Mountain" in one volume costing only 7s. 6d. It is a most remarkable novel, unnecessarily long, I think, and full of philosophical arguments which are neither very new nor very profound. But the author has exploited the possibilities of illness as a subject to an extraordinary extent. Many readers would complain that the book is morbid. This is true, and the chief cause, I think, of its excellence.

RAYMOND MORTIMER.

Joseph Kessel

THE PURE IN HEART

(A NOVEL AND THREE STORIES)

"Very remarkable: intensely dramatic: a thing of strange beauty."—RALPH STRAUS in *The Sunday Times*, of the novel.

"A remarkable work... moving and utterly accomplished."—RAYMOND MORTIMER in *The Nation*, of the novel.

"A remarkable theme remarkably carried out."—GERALD GOULD in *The Daily News*, of the novel.

"Unforgettable—at once simple, tragic and beautiful."—*The Observer*, of one of the stories.

"Intensely moving... can never be forgotten."—GERALD GOULD in *The Daily News*, of one of the stories.

GOLLANCZ

ROMANTICS ON THE RAMP

Maximilian and Charlotte of Mexico. By COUNT CORTI. Translated from the German by MRS. ALISON PHILLIPS. 2 vols. (Knopf. £2 10s.)

IN these two fascinating volumes Count Corti has added a great deal to our knowledge of the essentially unimportant but magnificently bizarre attempt of the Archduke Maximilian of Austria to set himself up as Emperor of Mexico. He has been able to examine all the private papers of the unfortunate Maximilian, which include the original letters of Napoleon III. and Leopold of Belgium, as well as those of the Emperor Francis Joseph to Maximilian with drafts of the answers; also the letters of the Empress Eugénie to Charlotte and copies of Charlotte's answers. Until the revolution these essential documents had been kept absolutely secret. Count Corti has also been able to look at other papers belonging to various people.

His book, therefore, supplements on many important points, though it cannot entirely supersede Gaulot's "*Expédition du Mexique*" (2 vols., 1906), which, along with the relevant portions of Ollivier's "*Empire libéral*," has up to the present been our best source of information.

The Mexican expedition was a complete and absolute failure. But Gaulot is probably right in saying that this failure and the loss of French lives and money that the failure entailed had little to do, as has been asserted, with the final catastrophe of Napoleon. Certainly it can have had no effect on the course of the Franco-Prussian War, though perhaps it can be argued that except for this embarrassment Napoleon might have shown greater diplomatic energy before and even after Sadowa and so prevented 1870 altogether. But even this is extremely doubtful. It was one of the characteristics of Napoleon III. that his secret feelings were nearly always at war with his dynastic interests. One reason why he did not interfere with Bismarck was probably that at the bottom of his heart he believed Bismarck to be right.

The Mexican expedition, then, owing to its basic unimportance must be studied in detail to be properly appreciated. It is the tragic drama and charm of personal eccentricity which make the story so enthralling, and Count Corti even more than Gaulot brings out the variety and psychological richness of this tragi-comic epopee. Here we see quite naked the romantic, dreamy, irresolute, high-minded, almost incredibly noble Maximilian, his beautiful, hot-headed, intelligent wife Charlotte, her wily old father Leopold, led to abandon his wiliness in order to elevate the rank of his daughter, Napoleon III., with his strange mingling of idealism and deceit, and Eugénie, silly but always charming. Round them flutter hordes of incredible Mexican *émigrés*, whispering the wished-for nonsense into the ears of Napoleon and Maximilian, while everyone burgeoins happily in an atmosphere of complacent credulity. Then cross the Channel and wither under the icy scepticism of Palmerston and Russell, who saw through the whole harebrained scheme without any difficulty at all. Happy is the country whose foreign secretaries send dispatches like that of Russell's:—

"You observe that this scheme has been hatched by Mexican refugees in Paris. Such people are famous for their baseless estimates of the strength of their supporters and their extravagant hopes of help. H.M. Government will give no support to such a project."

The English Ministers were like an east wind in a strawberry bed.

Thence we journey to Mexico, tropical trees and huge volcanoes, hobnob with clergymen left over from the reign of Philip II., and with every sort of military adventurer, beside whom Tom Mix pales into futility; while but a few miles off (and here is the crux of half the matter) we can hear booming the guns of Appomattox and Gettysburg. More vital perhaps than anyone is the leader of the "liberal" party, the great Aztec Juárez, a man of iron nerve and unflinching courage, whose happiest moment was when he led off the "cousin of Europe" to the *poteau d'exécution*. What must not have been his delight on receiving this desperate and rather indiscreet appeal from the German Ambassador?

"I beseech you in the name of Humanity and of Heaven to give orders that their lives shall not again be threatened and I repeat once again that I am certain that my sovereign His Majesty the King of Prussia and all the monarchs of Europe related to the imprisoned prince by the tie of blood—namely, his brother the Emperor of Austria; his cousin the Queen of Great Britain, his brother-in-law the King of the Belgians, and his cousin the Queen of Spain, as well as the Kings of Italy and Sweden—will easily come to an agreement to give his Excellency Señor Benito Juárez all guarantees that none of the prisoners will ever return and enter Mexican territory."

Juárez had the additional pleasure of turning down a similar request from the President of the now firmly welded United States. An Emperor shot: his consort a hopeless lunatic for sixty years. There is a Shakespearean completeness about the story.

Count Corti differs from Gaulot in assuming that the expedition was bound to be a fiasco from the start, though really Gaulot's defence boils down to saying that it might have been a success had Maximilian been a Julius Cæsar. Evidently (and here he is supported by new documents) Corti has a lower opinion than Gaulot of the talents, military and otherwise, of Bazaine. But the whole expedition was based on a false premise. Maximilian, with his French army, arrived as the nominee of the conservative-clerical opposition, whose programme was so fantastic that he had at once to try to govern with the liberal party he had come to dispossess. Hence he rapidly found himself without any supporters at all. Pio Nono, obviously one of the stupidest men who ever wore the tiara, finally upset the whole apple-cart by refusing a concordat or any compromise about the sale of Church Lands. Perhaps had this all-important subject been settled up with the Vatican before Maximilian left Europe, he might have met with some measure of success. The country was sick of civil war and quiet people would have welcomed any reasonable government. Juárez can hardly have been very popular if the following letter be typical of his recruiting methods:—

"State of Sinaloa, Command of Cosala.

"To the General Commanding the forces of Sinaloa,—

"In conformity with the circular of your Excellency, I am to-day sending to Head Quarters twenty volunteers in chains, who are disposed to uphold the Cause of Liberty. I am not sending any more owing to shortage of hand-cuffs. They are under the escort of Lieut. Trujillo, who has orders to fire on them if they try to escape. Liberty and Reform!"

"RAFAEL BONILLA."

Count Corti is very strong on the point that Maximilian, a typical discontented younger son, was the architect of his own ruin. He had every opportunity of getting out of the expedition at the beginning and getting away from Mexico at the end. Ambition and an incurable optimism were his undoing. Nevertheless, the relations of the *émigré* Hidalgo with the Empress Eugénie, who bounced Maximilian into the expedition, do not make a nice story, and it may be said that Napoleon allowed Eugénie her own way as compensation for his earliest marital infidelities. Again, Napoleon cannot be very severely blamed for throwing the expedition over, but his tergiversation was brusque, and his methods not always straightforward. On these points Gaulot was in the dark, and Corti does considerably modify his judgments.

One figure is almost completely missing from this impressive portrait gallery, the sinister Duc de Morny, the only person who stood to make any money out of the expedition. He had an interest in the Maison Jecker, on whose account the original descent on the Mexican customs was, in great measure, made. What was he up to behind the scenes? What influence, if any, did he have on the course of events? The question is a disturbing one, and neither Gaulot nor Corti can throw any light on the matter. We can only say that Napoleon's disgust with the whole expedition synchronized pretty closely with Morny's death, while the continual wranglings about money and "concessions" always interfered with a scene meant to be idyllic.

Count Corti's is a book that should appeal to those who as yet know nothing of the Mexican adventure. Those already interested cannot fail to read it with avidity. Finally, Mrs. Alison Phillips has performed her long task very efficiently.

FRANCIS BIRRELL.

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THE LIBERAL PARTY

The British Liberal Party. By HAMILTON FYFE. (Allen & Unwin. 10s. 6d.)

MR. HAMILTON FYFE is a good journalist; but his book does not always rise to the level of good journalism and seldom or never exceeds it. It is, indeed, a little difficult to discover why it was written. "However the destiny of the Liberal Party may be shaped," says Mr. Fyfe, "it has had a history both interesting and instructive, and it seemed to me to be worth while to write this sketch of it as fairly and as honestly as I could." Thus damning his subject with faint praise, in the manner of the rather bored chairman of a not very inspiring lecturer, he leaves us to discover interest and instruction as best we can in the somewhat jejune fare he has served up.

The failure of the book to grip the imagination, as an effective presentation of the theme might so easily have done, is due to two limitations which, consciously or unconsciously, Mr. Fyfe has imposed upon himself. He has not explored, with anything like the sense of exhilaration that it deserves, that background of ideas which alone gives colour and point to political activity; and he has confined his study of the *dramatis personæ* of politics to the narrow range of individuals who, at any one time, have occupied the political stage. But, even in these days of "stars" and of organized publicity, in which the stars get all the headlines, it is not the actors who make the play. The authors, the producers, the critics, and even the gods in the gallery have their significance; and one would have liked to see the living drama which is Liberalism treated, not in the manner of Hollywood, but in the manner of Pirandello. To drop the metaphor, a study of modern Liberalism which describes in detail the meaningless manœuvres of would-be Cabinet Ministers, while it tells us nothing of the ideas or of the influence of such men as C. P. Scott, J. A. Spender, or the late H. W. Massingham, is a study in which we are told more than enough about the husks of our subject, but nothing about its kernel. Mr. Fyfe's reply might be that his theme is the Liberal Party and not Liberal ideas. But what is a political party? What significance has it, either for us who have to bear with it, or for the historian who will be called upon to explain it, save in so far as it is the organized consciousness of the validity of certain principles which have a social application? The lists of Cabinet Ministers in Mr. Fyfe's admirable appendix read almost like the list of names inscribed on a village War Memorial. One wonders who they all were. It is the Unknown Warriors of politics—the men who first gave to the world the notions of personal liberty, of social responsibility, of the right of access to knowledge and the right of access to leisure—whose shrines command the greater reverence.

This is not, of course, to say that Mr. Fyfe's book is not intelligent, or that he has failed to accomplish the modest task he seems to have set himself. He has kept his sense of proportion; and his refusal to sentimentalize, even about Gladstone, will be welcomed by many readers. And his facts, while not all accurate, are accurate on the whole; if Mr. Fyfe—as one is inclined to suspect—has largely relied on his memory, then he has a very good one.

"HOW YORK GOVERNS ITSELF"

How York Governs Itself. By J. B. MORRELL, A. G. WATSON, and others. (Allen & Unwin. 10s. 6d.)

THIS is a description of the government of the city of York by ten persons who are actually engaged in the work, mostly as chairmen of committees, each describing a section of the work with which he is personally intimately acquainted.

The book gives a good bird's-eye view of the government of York, as it is carried on to-day, which will be most useful to intending councillors or to students (all too few) of local administration. Having regard to its importance in the life of the people, almost incredibly little is written about city government. This description of the government of York, ably edited by the chairmen of the Finance and the Parks Committees, is, for this reason alone, heartily to be welcomed. It is to be hoped that other enterprising councillors will publish similar records of the government of other typical cities and counties.

The book tells us, as we should have expected, that the government of York is honest and competent, but the authors stress the need for certain reforms for which those interested in local government have long been pressing. They emphasize, for instance, the vital importance of a strong municipal civil service, and of a national superannuation scheme for local government services under which an officer shall not lose his pension by moving from one town to another. They show the advantages that could be obtained if costing of various municipal services was carried out on a standardized form, and if comparative returns were made by the Government. They urge the importance of making use of the services of citizens, experienced in special sections of the work, by co-opting them more freely as members of committees and sub-committees. They point out the advantages of proportional representation for municipal elections, and of triennial elections of the whole council instead of annual elections of one-third of the members. They demand the abolition of the farcical town's meeting which has now to be held in confirmation of local Bills.

Those who take an intelligent interest in local government all over the country are almost unanimous as to the importance of these and other similar reforms of local government. Yet the Royal Commission on Local Government, which has now been sitting for about five years, has contented itself hitherto with issuing an interim report on the squabble between counties and county boroughs as to the terms on which the latter shall be allowed to expand, and is apparently now inclined to concern itself with another old squabble: that between the county and the borough as to their relative responsibilities. All the really important questions as to the improvement of the government of our great cities have, so far, been almost totally ignored by the Commission. It is to be hoped that the members will read "How York Governs Itself," and will make up their minds to deal seriously with some of these real problems. It would be a scandal of the first order if the Commission came to an end without making thorough and far-reaching recommendations as to the reform and strengthening of the municipal civil service.

E. D. SIMON.

WHERE ARE THE OTHERS?

A Story Without a Tail. By WILLIAM MAGINN. (Mathews & Marrott. 6s.)

WE are inheritors of an enormous library, which we endeavour to protect against dust, spiders, mildew, and injustice; our learned men and women plant against its sublimely ridiculous shelves their bibliographical and anthological ladders; America, France, Germany, Holland, Japan, and other nations, convinced that this record tonnage of print has some relish of salvation in it, lend their aid, some with vacuum cleaners, some with electric torches, some with feather dusters. But vast ranges of this literary labyrinth remain obscure, with many spiders and back strips missing. Note, for some conjecture of this sad situation, the *TIMES* *HANDLIST* of our periodicals; or consider the file of one great review or magazine, such as the *NEW MONTHLY* or *FRASER'S* or *ECLECTIC*. Many eminent writers and specialists in their own study published almost wholly through such periodicals. It is our Victorians especially who are unknown to us, men like the Mayhews, Jerrolds, Father Prout, Peter Cunningham, Charles Knight, on to Henry Maine and James Payn; men who made the greatest period of intellectual expression, blended with knowledge of common realities, "all the year round."

Maginn is one of these ancient law-givers, and to the present reviewer, willing to know him better, known only by odds and ends. He was described as "romancist, parodist, politician, satirist, linguist, poet, critic, scholar," the embodiment of Irish fun and Attic learning—one ought to have a selected Maginn on the shelves. It is odd that the renewed zeal for poor Maria Martin and the Red Barn did not produce a reprint of his novel on the mystery; odd, that with all the students round the catalogue of the British Museum and the publishers hunting out items for reprinting, Maginn's *Miscellanies* do not come up again, with additions. However, here is a specimen of him, beautifully printed, and energetic—

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EDWARD SHANKS in *The London Mercury*.

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ally recommended by Mr. Saintsbury. "A Story Without a Tail" appeared first in 1834, and is among the least inaccessible Maginnations; it well deserves to be a little book by itself.

The art of the short story did not trouble our poor old ancestors. Maginn lays aside his "Elia," takes up his pen, and writes. He writes like our experts, but more easily. "So it was finally agreed upon that we should dine at Jack Ginger's chambers in the Temple, seated in a lofty storey in Essex Court. There were, besides our host, Tom Meggot, Joe Macgillicuddy, Humpy Harlow, Bob Burke, Antony Harrison, and myself." That is his beginning. We hurry to the Temple, "at five o'clock sharp, and very sharp." Every man contributes to the feast, and there is an air of dizzy glory about it all, for the guests appear to be in danger of arrest for debt. There was a cod's head: "its flakes, like the snow-flakes on a river, were for one moment bright, then gone for ever." A leg of pork: "not a man of the company but showed his abhorrence to the Judaical practice of abstaining from the flesh of swine." In fine, the menu was perfect in every point, the port from "some unfortunate wine-merchant's" was most fortunate, the conversation sparkling from China to Peru. When the punch reached its highest level, Humpy Harlow, who though solvent was admitted as a sort of spare part, broke his record. He spoke. He told a story, "in its full dimensions. He abated it not a jot." It began, "Humphries told me." Next day the company, except Harlow, met, but could not recall Harlow's story. Elsewhere, Harlow was inveigled to dine, told his story—it all vanished except "Humphries told me." Finally, another dinner was hit up, Harlow at his customary hour began, "Humphries told me"; all eagerly uttered their anxiety to know what, but Humpy Harlow mistook the sense of their murmurs, seized his hat and umbrella, and left his mystery, or Humphries', behind him for ever. Maginn, your health.

E. B.

PORTRAIT OF A WRITER

Mary Cholmondeley: A Sketch from Memory. By PERCY LUBBOCK. (Cape. 3s. 6d.)

MARY CHOLMONDELEY was a writer small perhaps but never petty. Scrupulously honest, deeply sincere, a slow, careful, conscientious worker, her books were—as she recognized—essentially the fruit of what she herself had been and was. Criticism she made no attempt to counter, for she felt "that what her novels had been they would continue to be, since she herself was of necessity herself." When with "Red Pottage" she scored her one real popular success, she enjoyed to the full the social pleasures and opportunities it brought her, but in no sense did it change her, if only because she saw how deeply she was rooted in her own past. This interest, this popularity, she wrote,

"I would never have been mine if all my early life had not been cruelly destitute of any interest and popularity. I was nothing, a plain silent country girl, an invalid whom no one cared a straw about. I don't see why they should. But in all those early years, those enormously long years, a sort of dull smouldering fire of passion seemed to be gradually kindling in me. . . . It is not my talent which has placed me where I am, but the repression of my youth, my unhappy love-affair, the having to confront a hard, dull life, devoid of anything I cared for intellectually, and being hampered at every turn I feebly made by constant illness."

It is her sincerity, her honesty, combined with deep knowledge and sympathy such as only suffering and enforced meditation can produce, that make the best of her writings a real, if modest, contribution to literature. She took her talent not solemnly but certainly seriously as

"a behest and a claim upon her. . . . She bore it proudly, never belittling or misprizing the present, what it was. And so I can imagine how she would listen and assent, and be glad to think it fitting that some image of her should have its place in the gallery of literature."

That, indeed, it may be said without qualification, Mr. Lubbock has given her. Here is a portrait drawn not merely with loving care, but with unusual skill. The writing itself is deliberate, almost mannered at times, but how evocative it is, how delightful, how satisfying, how precisely and coolly beautiful. This art may not conceal art, but art it is! In these ninety pages Mary Cholmondeley lives again,

the dignified, social yet reserved figure of her last twenty years, moving among her family and friends—how good too are the sketches of Henry James ("his great head thrown back, his wide and steady eye fixed upon the twining of his thought, as he slowly uncoils it"), of Howard Sturgis, of "our ever-memorable" Rhoda Broughton—in London and in her Suffolk cottage. She expressed many years ago the wish that Mr. Lubbock should attempt some such portrait of her; in his own words: "I am sure she would approve."

ON THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Two books of interest to the educationist are published by the University of London Press: "The Unconscious in Action; Its Influence upon Education," by Barbara Low (5s.), and "The Mixed School, a Study of Co-education," by B. A. Howard (6s.).

"The Silver Tassie," by Sean O'Casey (Macmillan 7s. 6d.), the play rejected by the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, has now been published.

Among biographies and autobiographies are: "Lenin," by Valeriu Marcu, translated by E. W. Dickes (Gollancz, 21s.), and "Bench and Bar in the Saddle," by C. P. Hawkes (Nash & Grayson, 18s.).

An interesting book, half biography and half political history, is "Granville Sharp and the Freedom of Slaves in England," by E. C. P. Lascelles (Oxford University Press and Milford, 10s. 6d.).

"Saints and Leaders," by the Rev. H. F. B. Mackay (Allan, 6s.), contains studies of St. Cyprian, St. Jerome, St. Ambrose, the Religion of Doctor Johnson, &c.

The Cresset Press publish an elegant reprint of "The Gentleman's Recreation," by Nicholas Cox, in an edition limited to 650 copies (12s. 6d.). The book, which deals with hunting, was first published in 1674.

"The Story of Picture Printing in England during the Nineteenth Century," by C. T. Courtney Lewis (Sampson Low, £3 3s.), gives an account of the work of various printers, and is illustrated.

"Iona: and Some Satellites," by Thomas Hannan (Chambers, 7s. 6d.), gives an account of the Island of Iona and its buildings, and also of Eileach-an-Nasimh and other islands.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Correspondence of King George the Third. Edited by SIR JOHN FORTESCUE. Vol. V.—1780-April, 1782. Vol. VI.—May, 1782-December, 1783. (Macmillan. 25s. each.)

These two volumes cover the last years of the American Revolution, the peace negotiations, the rapid changes in home politics which followed on the fall of the North administration, and they conclude with the dismissal of the Coalition in December, 1783. Practically all the sixteen hundred documents contained in these two volumes are new material; the proportion of those previously published by Mr. Donne in his "Correspondence of George III. and Lord North" is insignificant. Interesting features of these volumes are the Cabinet minutes, of which there are about a hundred; certain secret service accounts rendered at the close of Lord North's term of office, which should be compared with similar accounts published by Professor Laprade in his "Parliamentary Papers of John Robinson"; the correspondence of George III. with Lord Shelburne when at the head of the Treasury; numerous reports from the House of Commons; &c. The editorial work is, as in the previous volumes, careless and insufficient.

Solo. By GEORGE A. GREENWOOD. (Wishart. 7s. 6d.)

This indifferent novel has one merit, speed. If it had not, it would be far less readable than it is. Like most sex novels, its bark is worse than its bite. It states everything and reveals, illuminates nothing. Mr. Greenwood fails to create his characters in accordance with his own suggestions. The story is mainly about Helen's love affair with John Souter. Helen is thirty-two, beautiful and advanced; she moves in a fast set in London. John is a great boy of thirty-five, a provincial, ignorant of women. John and Helen are contrasted. "Presently Helen opened her eyes, and found Souter gazing upon her as though he

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wanted to utter twenty volumes and couldn't find a word. 'God,' she thought, 'what perfectly shocking banality.' This is Helen's note, although she loves John. Naturally, the reader expects a great deal from Helen; all the more so because Mr. Greenwood seems to believe in her himself; and he will be surprised and disappointed to find that she is really a vulgar soul and a bore. She trots out all the respectable arguments in support of free love. She says, "I live close to life," as though it were possible for any living thing to do otherwise. She has three lovers, but, she says, "my life is destined to be solo . . . I shall never marry." Mr. Greenwood writes poorly. Once, he contrives to say the opposite of what he evidently means: "At lunch . . . he ate practically nothing. Nor did she." And what a bad use of practically.

Memories. By HARRY PRESTON. (Constable 15s.)

"When I walked into the 'Royal York' I walked into a ruin." So Mr. Preston describes his first impression of the Brighton hotel which he restored to fame and fashion, and

to which in the main he owes the pen-pictures of celebrities in his book. These pictures are not quite so full as one might have expected—though the celebrities may have been; there is some resemblance between the book's general style and the photograph of the salver presented to Mr. Preston, crowded with the signatures of dozens of noted people. However, Mr. Preston's kindness, activity, and zest for contacts with men of the time compose an entertainment much above the common level of latterday memories; the sporting world perhaps predominates in the anecdotes, but there are glimpses of other circles. Among the episodes, we enjoyed the recollection of the arrival of Mr. Arnold Bennett, then writing "Clayhanger"; of the English jockey in the big race at Longchamps who got the better of dirty work by sheer riding ability; of Phil May and another caricaturist indulging in a duelling dialogue on their looks (the tinted illustration of Phil May, by himself, is a piece of luck). It was Mr. Preston who gave W. G. Grace his first ride in a motor-car—but that detail is only one of the many acceptable souvenirs of a life dedicated, like the resulting volume, to "the unwritten order of good fellowship."

TRAVEL NOTES

TRANSATLANTIC TRAVEL: CHEAP FARES AND ATTRACTIVE TOURS

THIRD-CLASS travel to America seems to have undergone no little improvement since the days when young Martin Chuzzlewit and Mark Tapley took their famous voyage. The objectionable young puppy, if he were called on nowadays to travel third cabin on the Canadian Pacific, the White Star, or the Cunard liners would have even less excuse for the selfish disgruntlement of which he was so miraculously cured. That at least is the impression gained from reading those most attractive pamphlets which the great Transatlantic lines issue at this time of the year.

THIRD CLASS DE LUXE.

These are the literature of the very syrens, with their beautiful illustrations, their detailed itineraries, their scale of charges which would make a contemplated fortnight at Margate seem extortionate. And this year they all of them seem to stress the comforts of their third-class accommodation. It seems almost incredible, but it is fortunately true that one can cross the Atlantic and back for a few pounds more or a few pounds less (according to the season, &c.) than £40—and as the photographs, which are before me, prove, in considerable comfort.

CROSS-ATLANTIC HOLIDAYS.

In these days when Continental holidays are within most people's means, it would be no bad thing if they extended their horizon and really inquired into the amount of money and the time which need be spent upon a trip to America or Canada. To those with more leisure and a longer purse I suggest that they could not do much better than to be on the quay at Liverpool on Friday, July 27th, there to embark on the Canadian Pacific "Duchess of Bedford" (20,000 tons), bound for Quebec. Then starts a seven-weeks' "tour de luxe," the absolute inclusive cost of which is £195. The tour embraces the length of Canada from Montreal to the Rockies, with everything found, all first-class and slap-up, including the tips. [Our language with its many mysteries has at least one word constantly written and printed which has never yet been spoken aloud. It is the word gratuity. Writers of guide books are inordinately fond of it. They simply cannot overcome their dislike of nice little words of three letters. But this is irrelevant.] Many more attractive holidays are suggested by the Canadian Pacific, including visits to the bungalow camps of Ontario, where every kind of sport is to hand and fish may be caught which one doubts whether Mr. Regan himself has ever seen. This great organization, by the way, is to be congratulated always on its beautiful advertising, but never more so than on a brochure called "The Historic Route to Europe," with some magnificently reproduced paintings by Norman Wilkinson.

TOURS THROUGH AMERICA.

The White Star issue an equally tempting syllabus of tours through America and Canada. Apart from the passage

money which, as has been said, is roughly in the neighbourhood of £40 return—a tour of ten days in America, including New York, Boston, Niagara Falls, Washington, and Philadelphia, can be bought for £26. A tour of five days, including New York, Washington, and Philadelphia, costs only £11 4s. Quebec, Montreal, and Ottawa can be seen for £7 2s.

A CANADIAN FORTNIGHT.

The Cunard offer much the same advantages. A nine days' tour of Canada can be taken for £6, including river, rail and lake transport, or all accommodation found for £20 5s. This line also advertise *tours de luxe through Canada* from four to five weeks. These begin on July 28th, when the Cunarder "Aulonia" sails from Southampton. Some of the holiday-makers aboard her will take a short tour returning from Montreal on August 17th in the "Ansonia," whilst others will take a longer trip, returning from Montreal on August 24th in the "Aurania." The inclusive cost of the first holiday is £97 10s.—of the second £124 10s. The point is rightly stressed that the holiday begins aboard ship, and that the 6,000 mile voyage is a most admirable preparation for the sight-seeing ashore. A month's holiday trip starting on July 6th from Liverpool has also been arranged, which includes a fortnight's trip through Canada at a cost of £68 5s.

FRENCH CUISINE AFLOAT.

The French Cie Gle Transatlantique also offer facilities for Transatlantic travel by their liners "Paris" and "Ile de France," sailing westbound from Plymouth direct to New York in under six days. Here the traveller is tempted by the shortness of the route, the prospect of French cooking and French wine whilst afloat. The "Ile de France" is claimed to be the world's largest post-war ship. "Be one in the animated saloons," writes the enthusiast, "at the typically French Café Terrasse, at the cabaret or the dance the time passes all too fleetingly. There is happiness also for the kiddies—Punch and Judy, movies, roundabout, sandpit, and kindly governesses." Who would not travel with a Punch and Judy and a French chef—even with a kindly governess if they had the chance? I'm very sure I would.

AMERICAN GUIDES TO ENGLAND.

It's a commonplace enough that the Americans know more of England than we know ourselves, and it is left to the American Express to slip into my bundle of pamphlets a little book of holiday tours in England, and if you will let them guide you I am very sure that you will see your own country as cheaply and efficiently as can be. They will also advise you about tours in France, in North America, indeed, in any part of the habitable globe. They are one of those all-fathering organizations which relieve travellers of every possible inconvenience anywhere in the world. Dear me!—Now to write for those rooms at Broadstairs.

J. B. S. B.

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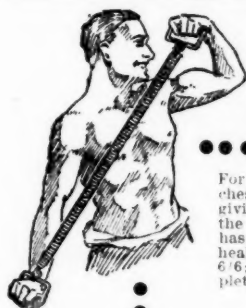
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THE NATIONAL LEAGUE OF YOUNG LIBERALS invites applications for the posts of Travelling Organizers in different parts of the country to take up duty in early September. For further particulars send stamped addressed envelope, at once, to the Secretary, N.Y.L., 154, Abbey House, Victoria Street, S.W.1.

FINANCIAL SECTION

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

SLUMP—RADIO—BRITISH PHOTOGRAPHIC—BOOTS—BARKER'S—OIL WAR.

THE "shake-out" in New York still goes on after momentary recoveries, and as the New York cables come over each day at about 3.15 p.m. the gloom generally deepens in Throgmorton Street. On Tuesday call money in New York went up again to $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and new "low" records this year were established for leading industrial stocks. We continue the list we gave in THE NATION last week:—

	May 12.	June 12.	June 19.
Radio	205 $\frac{1}{2}$	170	160 $\frac{1}{2}$
U.S. Steel	149	137 $\frac{1}{2}$	133 $\frac{1}{2}$
Gen. Motors	203 $\frac{1}{2}$	177	171 $\frac{1}{2}$
Int. Tel.	184	165	166 $\frac{1}{2}$
Dupont	393 $\frac{1}{2}$	367 $\frac{1}{2}$	346
U.S. Iron Pipe	261	230	220

In London the speculative stocks have been distinctly weak. A real slump has overtaken what are called the "inter-bourse" securities, especially those (marked *) affected by Brussels, where several failures are reported:—

	May 12	June 13.	June 20.
*Int. Holding	340	265	198
*Hydro	82	60	51
Col. Graph.	15 $\frac{1}{2}$	12 $\frac{1}{2}$	12 $\frac{1}{2}$
Gramophones	13 $\frac{1}{2}$	11 $\frac{1}{2}$	10 $\frac{1}{2}$
Brit. Cel.	6 11-16	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 $\frac{1}{2}$

As some of these shares recently advanced to levels out of all proportion to their intrinsic values, no investment support can be expected to check their downward course. No one, for example, has any idea what International Holdings or Hydro Electrics are worth. Hence, when markets are strong they are food for "bulls," and, with the reverse, food for "bears." The British Celanese report is expected this month. The price of Radio Corporation is also a problem. We give a few details of its financial position taken from the report for the year ending December 31st, 1927. Its capital consists of \$19,779,870 7 per cent. preferred shares of \$50 and 1,155,400 common shares of no par value. There is no bonded debt. The surplus of current assets over current liabilities (i.e., working capital) was \$22,469,297, and the book value of the ordinary shares worked out at \$20.09 per share. The income account for the last two years gave the following results:—

	1926.	1927.
Net income	\$7,396,487	\$11,799,650
Deduct:—		
Amort. of patents	944,590	966,095
Income Tax Reserve	940,500	1,405,235
Other reserves	850,000	950,000
Surplus	4,661,397	8,478,319
Per share	4.03	7.34

There is nothing in these figures to justify the present market valuation of Radio even at present levels.

It is not easy to pick up the shares of British Photographic Industries, but it is worth trying. This company is the largest combination of manufacturers of photographic materials in this country. After 1921 it fell upon evil days, and in the reconstruction that followed in 1927 the ordinary shares were written down to 6s. 8d. and arrears of preference dividend satisfied by the allotment of 150,320 ordinary shares. The accounts for the period ending December 31st, 1927, show that a good recovery has been made. Profits amounted to £52,468, which, after allowing for preference dividends (£22,548), left a balance of £29,920 for the ordinary shares, equivalent to 16 per cent. on the issued capital of £188,440. A dividend of 6 per cent., free of income tax, is paid on the ordinary shares, £10,000 placed to reserve, and £8,987 carried forward. At 6s. cum dividend of 6 per cent., free of tax, the ordinary shares return a yield of nearly 9 per cent. gross.

Well-managed drug stores, conducted on a cash basis, are an attractive type of trade investment if the shareholder does not object to supporting liver extracts, cod liver oil,

and other patent medicines from which big profits are usually made. Boot's Pure Drug, as everyone knows, is the company which controls the subsidiary companies—Boot's Stores throughout the country. It is associated with the United Drug Company of Boston, and it is rumoured that the American interest will some day be bought out by the British group. The steadiness of Boot's Pure Drug earnings is shown in the following table of profits remaining after payment of dividends on the preference (£135,000) and preferred ordinary (£1,265,000) capital:—

Year ending	Ordinary Shares.
March.	Earnings. Div.
1925	£558,087 36%
1926	£591,723 36% and cap. bon. 50%
1927	£544,982 24%
1928	£605,223 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ %

The chairman at the recent general meeting referred to the records made last year in customers, sales, and profits. The number of customers served exceeded 106,000,000. Last year's earnings amounted to over 40 per cent. on the ordinary share capital of £1,500,000. A return to the 36 per cent. rate of dividend which prevailed before the 50 per cent. share bonus was distributed in 1926 is therefore not unlikely. Meanwhile, at $6\frac{1}{2}$ the shares return a yield of $4\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. on the basis of a 27 $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. distribution.

The agitation to reduce the fees of the directors of John Barker & Company has vanished in smoke. According to the TIMES, the directors are entitled, under an arrangement made in 1919, to a fixed £2,500 a year, a further sum up to £4,500 when a dividend of 7 per cent. is paid on the ordinary shares, and, in addition, when 10 per cent. is paid on the ordinary shares, to a commission of 1 per cent. on the amount by which the turnover exceeds that of the year 1917-18. The "opposition" claimed that the directors were getting too much, and that the amounts actually paid to the directors were never shown in the accounts. The Chairman, Sir Sydney Skinner, at the meeting on June 15th, disclosed the fact that at the time the agreement was reached the profits calculated on the same basis as to-day were £73,000. For the last four years the average profits have been no less than £430,000. In the last ten years, he said that the average amount received by the directors was £86,000. The shareholders decided that the directors were worth every penny they got. We should have thought, however, that £86,000 as a management charge was rather high. To fix the remuneration of directors upon turnover instead of upon profits seems illogical. The demand for full publication of the amounts paid to directors is one we would heartily endorse.

In remarking on the decline in the price of Burmah Oil shares in THE NATION of June 2nd we said that until the oil war was settled Burmah Oil shareholders must face the possibility of reduced dividends. The nervous would sell, the more patient would "see it through." The patient have now had their reward—much sooner than we or they could have expected. An armistice has been signed by the oil combatants, and Burmah Oil shares have recovered part of their fall. We understand that at a meeting in London the Standard Oil representative from New York agreed to arrange to compensate former owners of oil properties in Russia in any future contracts he might make with the Soviet Government, and that the Burmah Oil and Shell thereupon agreed to stop price-cutting in the kerosene market. As the kerosene price-war in India had started because Standard Oil in New York had handled Russian kerosene without recognizing that it was stolen, and that the rightful owners should be compensated, peace with honour in commercial dealings has been won.

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